

John Dick 25 Wellington St Strand

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ONE PENNY.

THE MUMMERS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a custom in the northern counties, and indeed throughout England, with some modification, for the agricultural labourers to turn out, especially during hard seasons, decked out in all the glory of ribbons, beads, feathers, and looking-glass, &c., with a band of music, to perambulate the towns and villages, amusing the inhabitants with dances to the inspiring strains of the musicians and the clashing of swords. The troop known in the north of England as mummers (see our engraving) is invariably headed by a king and a queen, who preside over the revels, her majesty being represented by some gentle swain, chosen for his smooth chin, with a veil over his countenance to hide the cheat. The fun of the affair always devolves upon a kind of clown and pantaloon, in the shape of Bladder Dick and Besom Bet, happy and humorous in their tatters and dirt—their province being to keep the saucy juveniles out of the way of the dancers. There are also the usual number of collectors of coppers from the audience both in and out of doors. They are generally chosen for their impudence, as the success of the rest depends on them in a monetary point of view, and they are not easily to be mistaken as to their mission, each being provided with an old iron tobacco-box, with a penny in it, with which they keep up a continual rattle to attract attention. The properties of a company generally belong to a particular district; and it is quite a matter of rivalry and ambition as to which neighbourhood can come out the strongest, especially about Plough Monday, which is supposed to be the great day, and on which they lay themselves out to the best advantage. The origin of the custom is of ancient date, being a lineal descendant of the famous Morris dancers of old, adapted to the rustic ideas of modern times.

It is rumoured in well-informed circles that a baronetcy is to be conferred on Mr. William Brown, of Liverpool.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE ADVENTURE.

THE Liverpool press on Monday gave publicly to one of the strangest love adventures which have been recorded by the newspapers for some time. It appears that a man whose name it is unnecessary to mention, but who has for some time past resided in Manchester, gained the affections of a woman whose name does not appear, and proposed matrimony to her. The man was worth a considerable sum of money, and suggested to the object of his affections that after marriage they should enter into business. The woman of course readily fell in with his views, and kept a sharp look-out for some eligible business in which to engage. One offered in Liverpool, and thither our hero betook himself with his lady, in order that they might buy a "soft goods business" which was advertised. Matters having gone so far, the pair deemed that the sanctity of their loves rendered the marriage ceremony a mere conventional form, and accordingly occupied a sleeping apartment in Buxton-street. Each night the man placed his pocket-book, containing £500 in notes, under the mattress of the bed, his companion the while watching him with much interest. On Friday week he went with the woman to procure a marriage license, and was about to open his pocket-book to take out a note to pay for the document, when his future wife prevented him, and paid the amount herself. It was arranged that they should be married on Monday, and on Saturday they returned to Manchester and went to their respective homes. It appears he had not examined his notes since Friday, and when opening his pocket-book in the evening he found that £440 had been abstracted and flimsy paper substituted to make up the bulk. He at once proceeded to the Manchester police-station, and having procured the services of a detective officer, the woman was taken into custody and conveyed to Liverpool. Upon their arrival there, he proposed that if the officer would give up his prisoner he would make her his wife. The detective at once consented, and the woman having been set free, the pair proceeded to the Old Church, where they were married, and satisfactorily settled the monetary difficulty.



THE MUMMERS—AN OLD CUSTOM OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Notes of the Week.

THE English committee appointed at Lyons to receive subscriptions in favour of the unemployed operatives, have published a second list of subscriptions, showing that the money already received at Lyons for the English cotton-spinners amounts to £1,220.

MARSHAL MAGNAN, Grand Master of the Order of Freemasonry in France, has addressed a circular to all the lodges under his direction, requesting them to collect subscriptions for the unemployed operatives in the department of the Seine Inferieure. Mr. Smith O'Brien has subscribed £4 for the unemployed cotton-spinners in the Seine Inferieure.

THE Hon. G. Heathcote, M.P., the Hon. Lieutenant Denison, Marquis Beaumont, Captain Egerton, and Major Banister shot for four days over Lord Londesborough's estates near Scarborough, and made the following surprising bags:—Tuesday, 63 pheasants, 2 partridges, 17 woodcocks, 194 hares, 123 rabbits, and 2 various; Wednesday, 110 pheasants, 18 partridges, 2 woodcocks, 220 hares, 115 rabbits, 3 various; Thursday (wet), 2 pheasants, 14 partridges, 78 hares, 122 rabbits; and on Friday 246 pheasants, 4 partridges, 4 woodcocks, 3 snipes, 200 hares, 400 rabbits, and 6 various; total in the four days upwards of 1,900 head of game.

THE following letter has been addressed by Mgr. Chigi, Papal Nuncio at Paris, to Bishop Goss, of Liverpool:—"Paris, Dec. 18, 1862. My Lord,—It has come to the knowledge of the Holy Father that subscriptions have been opened in England for the relief of the distressed operatives in the diocese of Liverpool who are without work. The heart of his Holiness, moved by their great sufferings, wishes that it were in his power to relieve them, but the present state of the Pontifical treasury is an obstacle to his generosity. Nevertheless, his Holiness has instructed me to forward to your lordship his humble offering of 2,500 (£100) to be distributed among the operatives of your diocese in the manner you may deem most useful. Having discharged the duty entrusted to me, I avail myself of this opportunity of offering to your lordship the expression of the affectionate sentiments with which I am your lordship's very humble and devoted servant, FLAVIO, Archbishop of Myra, Nuncio Apostolic. To his Lordship the Bishop of Liverpool."

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Paris died on Monday morning, at about six o'clock. He was but sixty-seven years old, and till within the last few days was in robust health. His fatal illness is variously described with more or less scientific accuracy. Some call it a pleurisy, others a congestion of the lungs, and one Paris journal says he had a pericarditis, such as carried of the Emperor Nicholas. Mgr. Morlot was born at Langres, in the department of the Haute Marne, on Dec. 28, 1795, and studied theology in the Grand Seminary of Dijon. After passing some years as Grand Vicar of the diocese of Dijon, he was made Bishop of New Orleans in 1839. In 1842 he was promoted to the Archbishopsric of Tours, and while in possession of that see was made a cardinal. This was in 1853. On the death of Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, in 1857 (who, it will be remembered, was assassinated by a priest in the church of St. Etienne du Mont), Cardinal Morlot, being much pressed by the Emperor, reluctantly quitted the pleasant diocese of Tours, to accept the higher but more laborious archiepiscopal see of Paris. He was, by virtue of his red hat, a senator, according to the constitution of 1851; he was also Grand Almoner of the Empire, a member of the Council of Regency, a privy councillor, and a commander of the Legion of Honour.

ON Thursday afternoon, Mr. W. Carter held an inquiry at the Duke of Clarence Tavern, Kennington, respecting the death of Henry Polley, aged eighteen, who was killed on the previous Monday, under the following circumstances. Stebbing, 387 F, said that about five o'clock on the previous Monday evening he saw a cab driven along at a furious pace (ten miles an hour) towards Kennington-park. Deceased was in the act of stepping off the kerb to cross the road, when the cab turned round the corner at the same rate, and knocked him down. The wheel passed over his stomach, doubling him up. At that instant the cabman called out, but made no effort to pull up. Witness stopped him, but he refused to come back. Witness insisted upon his doing so, and placed the deceased, who was bleeding, in the cab, and asked the driver to take the lad to the hospital. He positively refused. He was the worse for drink, and witness took him to the station. He was let go, but when deceased died the next day, the inspector ordered witness to take him again into custody. He was therefore not now present. The Coroner said it was strange that the police should manifest such eagerness to interfere with the powers of the Coroner's Court on every occasion that they could. Their conduct deprived the accused of the opportunity of giving any explanation, or of contradicting any exaggerations or mis-statements, and thus left the court no option but to return verdicts of manslaughter on ex parte statements. Mr. S. Selsby, a merchant, corroborated the testimony of the policeman. The jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Frederick Wootton, the driver of the cab."

AN IMPOSTER JEREMY DIDDLER.

In the Bankruptcy Court, on Monday, Archibald Logan applied for an order of discharge.

The bankrupt has described himself as having been an officer in her Majesty's service in India.

Mr. Sargood opposed; Mr. R. Griffiths supported; Mr. Aldridge appeared for the official assignee.

It appeared, from the bankrupt's statement, that he was twenty years ago a captain in a militia regiment in India, since which time he had enlisted as a private in the Dragoon Guards. Having obtained a discharge from the Insolvent Court in 1861, he contracted in thirteen months debts exceeding £500, with jewellers, hotel-keepers, dressing-case and piano-forte makers, &c. He had referred to Mr. Thomas William Parkes, solicitor, who stated, as reasons for answering the same, that he believed the bankrupt to be a nephew of General Logan, on visiting terms with the Duke of Wellington, about to be married to a lady of property, and entitled to credit. Such was his opinion of the bankrupt that he had guaranteed several debts. On the other hand, it was stated that Mr. Parkes had himself been three times an insolvent; that the manner in which the bankrupt—just out of the Insolvent Court, and without either means or social position—had contracted such debts as £120 for jewellery, £63 for a piano-forte, £82 for dressing-cases, and £39 for a residence at the Queen's Hotel, Norwood, showed him to be a common swindler. During the hearing the learned commissioner commented strongly on one insolvent giving reference to another, and intimated an opinion that he should call the attention of the Attorney-General to the case. It was admitted that the bankrupt had actually been on the point of marriage with a lady of property who had had a very narrow escape from destruction. A letter was tendered in evidence, purporting to be written by Major-General Logan, stating that the bankrupt was not a relation of his, as he had stated; that he was a common swindler and ought to be prosecuted. Ultimately, an adjournment was ordered to the 16th of January.

A MEMORIAL signed by the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England has been forwarded to the various railway directors, urging them to discontinue running Sunday trains.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Archbishop of Cambrai has just addressed to the clergy of his diocese a pastoral letter on the occasion of the Feast of the Nativity. In this document the right rev. prelate celebrates the fall of Garibaldi, and asks fresh contributions for "St. Peter's pence." According to Mousenier de Cambrai, M. Ratazzi and Colonel Pallavicini have been the agents of Providence:—

"It is the hand of the Almighty that overthrew those bold and godless men who had sworn not to leave Pisa IX a place wherein to rest his head; those who sought Rome or death have received a punishment at once merciful and severe."

He then urges his clergy to send round the hat and collect funds for the Holy See. "Times," he says, "are not so hard—the working people are better off than last year, and therefore will doubtless contribute more liberally." Commenting on this circular, the *Temps* observes with much justice that it has nothing to say against Peter's pence, and that if the faithful mean to keep up the Papal throne by voluntary contributions it would be unfair to complain; but, it adds, it is a sad thing to see, when one considers the singular power of the clergy in raising money (the diocese of Cambrai alone, according to the archbishop, produced in one year £7,000) that not a single member of the episcopal bench should have thought proper to organize "Peter's pence" for the relief of the starving operatives in the French cotton districts.

A very well-dressed young man, said to be an English pickpocket just arrived from London, was arrested in Paris, in the act of extracting a lady's portemanteau. The lady feeling the pull at her pocket and missing her property, addressed the young man, saying, "Sir, you have just taken my portemanteau." "Oh, yes," replied the other, at the same time very politely handing it to her. The lady was inclined to let the matter pass, in consequence of the thief's politeness, but her husband handed him over to a policeman. When brought before the magistrate he declared that he did not speak a word of French, that he was an English groom, and that he came to Paris to seek a situation. He was, nevertheless, committed for trial, and the police having made further inquiries discovered that he had arrived in Paris that morning from Dieppe with two companions. One of them left Paris the same day for London, and another, who probably witnessed the arrest of his companion, was not to be found. It appears, further, that some English pickpockets had selected Brussels in which to exercise their industry during the festivities of Christmas. The police of that city arrested four suspicious characters. Although well dressed their movements created suspicion, and they were taken into custody.

La France says:—"After the defeat of the Federals on the 13th President Lincoln had a long conference with the minister of France. The peace party considers this step to betoken a desire for reconciliation."

News from Mexico states that General Forey will commence operations in the middle of January.

AUSTRIA.

The *Press* of Vienna says:—"Count de Rechberg has replied to Earl Russell's circular on the Greek question, in which the right of nations to depose their kings was proclaimed. In his reply the count develops very conservative views. He says that the British note has filled him with astonishment, since consequences might be deduced from it which, although without danger to England in her insulated position, would be exceedingly serious for Governments placed in a less favourable position. Such revolutionary propositions might, he thinks, lead to the most critical conflicts, and no one would be more menaced by them than Austria and the Porte."

GREAT BATTLE IN AMERICA.—DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS, WITH IMMENSE LOSS.

THE great battle of the 13th instant, between the contending armies at Fredericksburg, commenced at 9.15 on the morning of that day, at which hour the corps of General Reynolds advanced and engaged the enemy's infantry. A dense fog prevailed at the time. The Federals immediately commenced a heavy fire of artillery, which was briskly responded to, and continued without intermission until a little before twelve p.m., when the fog cleared up and afforded an unobstructed view of the scene of operations. It being evident that the first ridge of hills in the rear of the city, on which the Confederates had their guns posted behind works, could not be carried except by a charge of infantry, General Sumner assigned that duty to General French's division, which was supported by General Howard's. The troops advanced to these works at ten minutes before twelve o'clock, at a brisk run, the Confederate guns opening upon them a very rapid fire. When within musket range at the base of the ridge, the advancing Federals were met by a terrible fire from the enemy's infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall and some houses on the right of the line. This checked the advance of the former, and they fell back to a small ravine, but not out of musket range. At this time another body of Federal troops moved to their assistance in splendid style, notwithstanding that large gaps were made in their ranks by the enemy's artillery. On arriving at the first line of the Confederate defences, they "double-quic'd," and with fixed bayonets endeavoured to dislodge the defenders from their hiding-place. The concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery, which the Federals were forced to face, was, however, too much for them, and the centre gave way in disorder, although afterwards they were partially rallied and brought back. From that time the fire was spiritedly carried on, and never ceased till after dark.

General Franklin, who commanded the attack on the left, met with better success. He succeeded, after a hard day's fight, in driving the Confederates about one mile. At one time the latter advanced to attack him, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter, and the loss of between 400 and 500 prisoners belonging to General A. P. Hill's command. General Franklin's movement was directed down the river.

The firing of musketry ceased about six o'clock in the evening, but the Confederates continued throwing shell into the city until eight o'clock. Their position was asserted to be as follows:—General Longstreet on the left, and holding the main works, and General A. P. Hill and "Stonewall" Jackson in front of General Franklin, with Jackson's right resting on the Rappahannock, and Hill's forces acting as a reserve. General Franklin's troops encamped at night not far from the Massaponack Creek. The Federal troops engaged in the attack on the right slept upon the battle-field. The following is a list of the principal Federal officers killed and wounded during the day:—General Jackson, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, killed General Bayard, struck in the thigh by a shell, and afterwards died; General Vinton, wounded in the side, but not seriously; General Gibbons, wounded in the hand; General Kimball, wounded in the thigh; General Caldwell, wounded in two places, but not seriously; Colonel Sinclair, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, wounded seriously; Captain Henderson, commanding the 9th New York State Militia, wounded seriously. The following is the loss of officers of the 5th New Hampshire Regiment:—Colonel Cross, wounded in the abdomen; Major Startevant, killed; Adjutant Dodd, killed; Captain Murray, killed; Captain Ferry, killed.

At daylight on Sunday (14th instant), heavy artillery fire took place in front of the divisions of Generals Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin, and continued till late in the forenoon, but no

general action occurred. The object of both parties was evidently to feel the other.

During Saturday night and Sunday morning the Confederates considerably extended their works, and strengthened their position. Large bodies of troops were to be seen on Sunday, where few were to be found on the previous day. The Federal dead which were killed in front of the enemy's works, still remained on Sunday morning where they fell. When an attempt was made on Saturday night to remove them the enemy opened fire with infantry; the wounded were, however, all removed from the field.

The weather on Sunday was bright and cheerful, and the fog had entirely disappeared. It was ascertained by inspection through a powerful glass that there were six distinct lines of works behind the city. Whether some of these were rifled redoubts simply, or have the double capacity of affording protection to light infantry, and having embrasures for light field guns, could not be discovered. The appearance of the works, however, would lead to the latter belief.

The correspondent to the *New York Times* thus describes the grand attack of the Federal army and its repulse:—

"At four o'clock General Hooker who had not yet been across the river, proceeded over, and in half an hour prodigious volleys of musketry announced that Hooker, with the reserves, is engaged. This last assaulting column consisted of the divisions of Humphrey, Monk, Howard, Getty, and Sykes. They had, however, hardly got fairly engaged before the sun went down, and night closed around the clamorous wrath of the combatants. At this time General Burnside, who had remained all day at the Phillips House, came down to the Lacy House, and in the garden facing the city followed the progress of the fight. Externally calm, the leading player in this tremendous game was agitated by such intensity of feeling as no one can conceive, and he paced the garden gloomily as night. 'That crest,' he exclaimed passionately, 'must be carried to-night.' The brevity of time into which the stupendous issue of the day had to be crowded seemed to add redoubled energy to the fury of the combatants. Not 'Night or Blucher,' as Wellington exclaimed at Waterloo, but rather Ajax's prayer for 'more light,' was the prompting of every heart. Creeping up on the flank by the left Getty's troops succeeded in gaining the stone wall which we had been unable all day to wrench from the rebels. The other forces rushed for the crest. Our field batteries, which, owing to the restricted space, had been of little use all day, were brought vigorously into play. It was the fierce, passionate climax of the battle. From both sides two miles of batteries belched forth their fiery missiles athwart the dark background of the night. Volleys of musketry were poured forth such as we have no parallel of in our experiences of the war, and which seemed as though all the demons of earth and air were contending together. Rushing up on the crest our troops had got within a stone's throw of the batteries, when the hill top swarmed forth in new reinforcements of rebel infantry, who rushing upon our men drove them back. The turn of a die decides such situations. The day was lost. Our men retired. Immediately cannon and musketry ceased their roar, and in a moment the silence of death succeeded the stormy fury of ten hours' battle. As General Burnside, turning, walked off through the garden, and mounting his horse galloped back to head-quarters, what thoughts and feelings passed through his mind? No illusions could make him believe that a victory had been achieved. Shall we say, then, that it was a defeat? Certainly, if to have started out to accomplish a certain object, and to have failed in doing so, be a defeat, you can apply no other term to the upshot of to-day's battle. In spite of all the glosses of official telegrams which you may receive, it seems here that we have suffered a defeat. Let us hope that, when fully prepared, the assault may be renewed with new tactical combination, the position carried, and the day retrieved. If it be not so, Saturday, the 13th day of December, must be accounted a black day in the calendar of the republic. If you are disposed to indulge in criticism on the plan of the battle of Fredericksburg it will not be difficult to point out its great and radical defects. To have hurled forward masses of men against the fortified works of those terraces was certainly a manifestation of daring untempered by the slightest prudence. Was it not also a fatal error to have risked the whole success of the plan on the accomplishment of a certain manoeuvre (Franklin's ability to swing round on the rebel flank) where all the elements of the problem were completely wanting? What a fearful fatality, too, that one accumulation of artillery was all but entirely useless to us, owing to the distance of the range and the exposure of our own troops! And what a misfortune, equally lamentable, that the approach to the rebel position, back of Fredericksburg, was an area so restricted that our field batteries were almost useless, owing to the impossibility of manoeuvring! In the course of this correspondence, from the time of our first occupation of Falmouth, I have informed you of the gradual development of the rebel position from an absolutely defenceless condition to the time that it became another Gibraltar. Never for a moment did we, who watched this progress, suppose that it would ever be attempted to be taken by hurling masses of men against those works. We had supposed that the resources of strategy would assuredly afford other means of accomplishing the desired end. Regarded as a position of defence, that which the rebel leaders had taken up on the Rappahannock, and which we have been pleased to assail in the manner indicated, and with the result known, none could possibly be more magnificent or more impregnable. With 50,000 men they should easily hold it against three times that number of assailants. And, indeed, they appear never to have employed more than that number. Every time we poured forth fresh men they had ready reinforcements to match. From prisoners taken I learn that on the right, commanded by Jackson, half of the force only (and chiefly the division of A. P. Hill and Early's Brigade) was engaged. I take it that they had along the line of the Rappahannock about 100,000 men, and that 50,000 more or less were actually engaged in the contest. The Confederate leaders have acted with their usual willingness in the whole matter. They did well to let us so easily into Fredericksburg, bring but half-a-dozen guns when they could have brought a hundred to bear upon us. The city itself was the veriest trap that ever was laid, and we have walked into it. Is it any wonder that with such a position, on the inside of an arc of a circle of batteries—

"Mid, upper, nether, and surrounding fires, our troops were over and over again broken and shattered in the attempt to take it? The wonder is that such admirable pluck was shown. It is a hopeless task now to go back over the series of blunders that have made this disaster possible—to inquire, for instance, who is responsible for the delaying of the pontoon bridges ten days beyond the time promised General Burnside, thus enabling the rebels to render their position impregnable. Enough that the inquisition will come by-and-bye. At the close of the battle to night General Burnside declared that he would renew the contest in the morning. There is, however, little probability that this will be done, or can be done. It is likely that the council of genera—composed of Burnside, Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin—now meeting at this house, will shake this determination, as I know they are all opposed to the measure. Indeed, one has only to go over to Fredericksburg, where the army is now huddled, and see its shattered and broken condition—regiments scattered, disorganized, &c.—to see that a renewal of the fight in the morning, or even for some time, is wholly impossible. What the upshot of the whole affair is to be it is of course fruitless to conjecture. We can, no doubt, by the adoption of the right plan, force their position. Their right is really their weak point, and that, by the way, they are busily engaged in strengthening to-night. The line of the river is, however, entirely too long to be guarded against their en-

rising attacks, and with the proper dispositions their position will be adly flanked. The situation of our army, however—*as of a river*—is a perilous one, one of the most demoralising, and it may be the dictate of prudence to withdraw the army as far as possible to the north of the Rappahannock."

The press generally attribute the Federal defeat to the bad management of the War Department. General Burnside is but little liked, as the responsibility of his movements is attributed to the War Cabinet, the immediate reconstruction of which is urged by the press.

General McClellan received a telegram from Washington on the 21st, and left for that city in the evening. The object of the mission is not known. It is surmised that he will be again placed in command of the army of the Potomac, and that he will remain unless he have full power to carry out his own object without interference from the War Department or any other quarter.

The *Times* correspondent at New York writes thus:—"Burnside followed, after an anxious council of war, the shattered remnant of his host, to his original side of the Rappahannock, and is now once more in Falmouth. He has lost at least 10,000 men—fully the 20,000 that rumour alleges. The prestige of his name and the morale of his army is impaired and the only chance of this winter for an advance upon Richmond is hopelessly lost. The public seems to be stunned by the blow; and the man who muster courage to speak accuse not only Mr. Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, but President Lincoln, of worse than malice in compelling General Burnside to attempt such a movement without supporting him by a simultaneous attack on the confederate capital by the St. James's River or the city of Petersburg."

Under the heading, "An Appeal to the President," the *New York Tribune* says:—

"The most splendid army of the world, with generals as gallant as ever led soldiers as brave as ever marched to victory, has met the frightfullest disaster of the war. By General Halleck's orders the army of the Rappahannock was marched up against the impregnable batteries of the Fredericksburg heights, brigade after brigade, division after division, one after another decimated, thousands upon thousands slaughtered, from daybreak to sunset, until battle was complete, until well-nigh 20,000 brave and noble souls of the Virginia hillsides with their blood. The unblenching courage, the dauntless intrepidity, of our magnificent army were never more sublimely displayed. The blundering strategy, the inept generalship, which buried them to a fruitless doom, were not itself so conspicuously as indiscriminate slaughter and murder by wholesale. Again have you, Abraham Lincoln, by the hands of Henry W. Halleck and Edwin M. Stanton, sent death to thousands upon thousands of our brothers and friends, again resolution and anguish to the homes and the hearts of the people, death that gives no life to the perishing nation, and sorrow which no patriotism can console, or the consciousness of the needful, though costly, self-sacrifice assuage. By the banks of the Rappahannock there was slaughter which was fruitless, and by the same sides tears today are shed which God alone can wipe away. We have no words of anger in an hour like this, but a sense of sorrow for the nation and her slaughtered sons, even the hot wrath which must yet break forth upon the heads of those whose selfishness, whose incompetence, whose recklessness, and whose ambition have brought our grief upon us. By that sorrow, in which there is not family in all the cities and villages of the North but shares, by that love for our country which has not faltered among us and does not falter in the darkest hour, by the hopes which must yet linger in the bosom of the Chief Magistrate to recover the confidence of his people, and to transmit an honoured name to his and their posterity; by the desire which in his serious moments must yet move him to win in lines as trying as those in which Washington won the title of the father of his country the equal title of its son; by the unutterable contempt of the men of his own time and the blasting scorn of history which will surely be wreaked upon him if he fails in night which he may fairly do to save the public; by the glory which may yet await and by the doom which threatens her,—by these and every other consideration which the breaking hearts or the anxious minds of 20,000,000 of people can conceive or frame, we beseech the President to cut loose now and finally from his past and fatal policy, and from the men of whom it is enough to say that the Union and the Constitution might have been saved, but that, with the resources of a continent and the arms of twenty millions of united freemen at their backs, they have not saved it. We beseech him to call o' his Cabinet and all the ablest, bravest, and best men of the nation, and so, if our cause is not yet past all remedy, by their help, and the favour of just God, to make one final effort for the salvation of the republic which fruitless millions have been spent for, and for which more than 100,000 lives have been yielded up in vain."

LOUIS NAPOLEON ADDRESSING THE DIPLOMATIC BODY.

It is the custom in France for the head of the Executive Government, be it King, President, or Emperor, to receive the whole diplomatic corps on New Year's Day. The senior member—that is to say, the ambassador who has been longest accredited to the Government of France—has to address the ruler of the country on behalf of the entire body. The present Emperor is accustomed on such occasions to make something like "sensation" speeches. Thus, for instance, it was on a New Year's Day, just previous to the war between France and Austria, that Louis Napoleon snubbed M. de Hohenberg, the Austrian ambassador, in the presence of all his colleagues; telling him, almost rudely and offensively, that the policy of the Austrian Court, if persisted in, would inevitably lead to war, and advised the astounded diplomatist to repeat his, the Emperor's words, in their full significance, to his master. Now, however, as the policy of the French Court is one of peace, the recent New Year's speech of Louis Napoleon have been less startling. The illustration in page 197 represents the Emperor receiving the diplomatic corps at the Tuilleries.

It appears from "Who's Who in 1853," that the eldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, who is 74 years old, and the youngest the Duke of Norfolk, aged 15; the eldest marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne, 82; the youngest the Marquis of Ely, 13; the eldest earl is the Earl of Charlemont, 87, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 10; the eldest viscount is Viscount Combermere, 89, the youngest Viscount Downe, 18; the eldest baron is Lord Sinclair, 94; the youngest Lord Rossmore, 11; the eldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Lyndhurst, 90; the youngest Earl Spencer, 27; the eldest member of the House of Commons is General Hon. Sir Hugh Thellusson, member for Kincardineshire, who is 88; the youngest Reginald A. Vyner, the member for Ripon, 23; the eldest judge England is the Right Hon. S. Lushington, aged 80, the youngest Baron Wilde, 46; the eldest judge in Ireland, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 86; the youngest Mr. Justice Keigh, 45; the eldest judge of Scotland, the Lord Justice General, 69, the youngest the Lord Justice Clerk, 52; the eldest archbishop is the Archbishop of Canterbury, 73; the youngest the Archbishop of York, 43; the eldest bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 85, the youngest the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 43; the eldest colonial bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 88, the youngest the Bishop of Calcutta, 37; the eldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 90, the youngest Sir George R. Sitwell, 2; the eldest knight is General Sir James L. Caldwell, 92, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 3.

GENERAL BAYARD, who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, was to have been married on the 18th ult. to a daughter of Colonel Bowman, of West Point. The match had already been postponed twice on account of the exigencies of the service.

Mr. ADAM HODGSON, an old and highly respected Liverpool merchant, who took a warm interest in the local charities and religious societies, died on Monday.

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General News.

The United Cooks' Pension Society have made a monster plum pudding, to be presented to the Lancashire operatives. The authorities of Marylebone Union lent one of their large boilers. The dimensions of the mould were 3ft. 2in. in depth, 3ft. 8in. over top, 2ft. 9in. in bottom, 10ft. 2in. in circumference in top, and 8ft. 4in. in circumference at bottom. The ingredients were 130lb. of currants, 130lb. of suet, 210lb. of flour, 130lb. of suet, 80lb. of peel, 80lb. of sugar, 1,040 eggs, 8 gallons of ale, 4lb. of mixed spice, 1lb. of ground ginger—gross weight about 900lb.

The *Perthshire Advertiser* records the death of a Mrs. Johnstone, who kept a shop for a quarter of a century at Alyth. She died in the chair in which she rested herself and slept for fully twenty years, never having been in bed for that long period.

A FEW days since a very poor woman, named Murphy, living in Dundalk, was confined of three children. Her state of destitution was such that a memorial on her behalf was forwarded to the Queen, signed by the Hon. Major Jocelyn and J. E. Carisher, Esq., J.P., chairman of the town commissioners. A reply has been just received, saying her Majesty has been graciously pleased to send the poor woman £3, which proves that the meanest subject in the realm is not without the sympathy of the Queen.—*Irish Times*.

The Rev. S. B. Craig, of Marinedi Church, Hull, has received the following letter:—"Sir Charles Phipps has received the command of her Majesty the Queen to forward to the Rev. Stewart Craig the inclosed post-office order for three pounds, payable to him, and to desire that he will have the goodness to hand the amount to Mrs. Harriet Harding, as a donation from her Majesty, to assist her after her confinement of three children at one birth; that circumstance having been brought under her Majesty's notice in consequence of an application from Mr. Lecking in Mrs. Harding's behalf.—Buckingham Palace, Dec 20, 1862."—*Hul Pocket*.

The ship T. B. Wales, the destruction of which by the Alabama is reported by telegraph to-day, was, only yesterday, offered by her owners to a committee of the Boston Board of Trade, to gratuitously convey a cargo of provisions from this port to the Lancashire sufferers. Instead of going on this errand of charity to the starving operatives of England, she has been wantonly destroyed by a piratical craft, built in England, with means furnished by British merchants.—*Boston Transcript*.

The following comparative estimates of university expenses, taken from Mr. Latham for Cambridge, and from Professor Rogers for Oxford, are interesting. The caution money for ordinary students is, at Cambridge £15, at Oxford £30. The average cost of obtaining a degree, including fees and outfit, but independent of annual expenditure, is about the same at both universities, and may be stated at between £45 and £50. The average annual amount of college bills is £100 at Oxford, £90 at Cambridge. An under-graduate's annual expenses, neither stinted nor extravagant, but some margin being allowed, will be at Oxford £200, at Cambridge £160.

DOUBLE EXECUTION.—The *Quebec Chronicle* gives the following account of the execution at Belleville, on the 8th instant, of a man and his wife for murder:—"At ten o'clock, the hour fixed by the sheriff for the execution, there could not have been less than four to six thousand people on the ground. A delay of over an hour was caused in consequence of the capot not being made. In the meantime the vast multitude swayed to and fro, and their attention was diverted by one or two small fights and wrestling matches, but nothing serious occurred. Some unfeeling wretches in the crowd exhibited their impatience at the delay by using such expressions as "Hurry up, there!" "Bring them on," &c. It was not until a quarter past eleven o'clock that the procession approached the gallows, and as the culprits stood up on the platform every breath was hushed, and they saw nothing but a sea of upturned, eager, anxious-looking faces. The unfortunate Ayward looked haggard and careworn, and Mrs. Ayward, habited in white, with a crape over her shoulders, walked tremblingly to the platform. Both culprits stood, with folded hands, offering up their prayers, and in this position, and while still praying, the fatal bolt was drawn. The woman died with but a few struggles, and in a minute and a half life was extinct. The man struggled for some time, and died in fearful agony, but the doctor pronounced him dead after hanging for two minutes and a half. The bodies hung for about thirty-five minutes, and were then taken down, placed in their coffins and taken possession of by those who had been most assiduous in their attention to the unfortunate victims during the last few days of their earthly existence. The bodies were buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery."

A MOST heartrending accident recently occurred, which has terminated fatally, to Miss Augusta Bousfield, aged twenty-four years, who resided in Upper Eaton street, Belgrave-square, Pimlico. The unfortunate young lady was passing the fireplace, when her dress of light muslin, which was distended by crinoline, took fire, and she was speedily enveloped in a mass of flames. Her screams drew the attention of the servants to the parlour, and the flames were extinguished as soon as possible. Surgical assistance was sent for, and the poor young lady was removed to St. George's Hospital, but she expired shortly after her admission.

LIEUT. SADLER, of the Marines, has been cashiered by a court-martial for dishonorable conduct.

The two vacant pensions for distinguished or meritorious service will probably be bestowed on Major-General Ashmore, commanding the troops in Jamaica, and Colonel Charles Herbert, C.B., of the 5th Regiment. The former officer has been nearly fifty years in the army, during which he was much on colonial service. The latter entered the army in 1825, and commanded the 75th Regiment in the operations against Delhi in 1857, when he was twice wounded.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

The Archdeaconry of Lincoln has become vacant by the death of the Venerable Henry Kaye Bonney, M.A. A canonry residentiary in Lincoln Cathedral is annexed to the archdeaconry. The archdeaconry of Stow, in the diocese of Lincoln, has become vacant by the death of the venerable William Breckenhurst, Stonehouse, B.C.L.

The Russian Government has resolved to follow the example of the other great maritime Powers, and, like them, has commenced the development of an iron navy. In addition to ordering the construction of several armoured vessels in this country, it has determined to build such steamers in the naval dockyards of Russia; Messrs. C. Mitchell and Co., the extensive ship-builders of Newcastle-on-Tyne, having been entrusted with all the arrangements necessary to convert the Government dockyard at St. Petersburg into an iron shipbuilding yard. Steam engines, piling, shearing, and other machines of the most modern construction have been sent out from Manchester and London. Messrs. Mitchell have also undertaken to build on the establishment some of the armoured war steamers required for the Russian navy, and have already sent to St. Petersburg many hundreds of tons of iron for this purpose. The workmen employed will be chiefly Russians.

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Provincial News.

LINCOLNSHIRE—CONVICTIONS UNDER THE POACHING PREVENTION ACT.—At the petty sessions at Stamford, before the Mayor and a full bench of magistrates, Robert Blades, a labourer, and three other men named Yates, were charged with being in unlawful possession of five rabbits and a hare on the 12th inst. The facts, as stated by Mr. Attress, the town clerk of Stamford, who conducted the prosecution, were as follows:—The defendants were seen to pass through a tollbar, a mile and a half from Stamford on the night of the 11th inst., between 8 and 9 o'clock; information of this being given to the police, three constables proceeded in the direction the defendants had gone. At six o'clock on the following morning, near the toll-bar, they met four or five men having bags upon their shoulders, and accompanied by a dog of the lurcher breed. Suspecting that the bags contained game, one of the policemen attempted to take Blades's, but he and one of his companions ran away; the former was subsequently taken, and in his possession were found five rabbits, a hare, and a quantity of netting, which was wet and the game warm. One of the defendants, when taken, said, "What fools we were to come along the road; we were told you were on the look-out for us on another road." The game was taken to the station-house, where the defendants went and demanded it, but were refused, and information was laid against them under the 25th and 26th Victoria, cap. 144. On the part of the defendants it was contended by Mr. Law that there had been no proof adduced of any one having lost any game; that to convict a man of stealing a particular thing an owner must be found; it must be shown that something was lost. Further, that there was no evidence to show that the defendants had been on any land in the night in question in search of game, or that any of the defendants had been accessory thereto, or that they had been acting in concert. The magistrates considered the case proved against Blades, and fined him £2, including costs, or a month's imprisonment with hard labour. He was also convicted of being in unlawful possession of a net, and fined 1d., the net to be forfeited and destroyed. The other defendants were also convicted, and in default of payment were sent to gaol, but the fines have been since paid and the men released. Their solicitor has since served the presiding magistrates with notices of appeal, and the defendants have entered into recognizances to prosecute the same at the quarter sessions.

WARWICKSHIRE—BURGLARY WITH VIOLENCE.—At the Birmingham Police-office on Monday, before Mr. Kynnersley, the stipendiary magistrate, two men, named Thomas Cooper, alias Tom the Chump, and George Talbot, were brought up charged with burglariously breaking into the dwelling house of Mr. Reynolds, Hazlewood House, Hagley-road, early on the morning of the 17th inst., and with having on the same occasion violently assaulted Joseph Williams, one of the servants of Mr. Reynolds. The first witness called was Joseph Williams, who said that he slept over the stable in a room looking on the courtyard at Hazlewood House. At about three o'clock on the morning of the 17th inst. he was awake by hearing a noise in the yard, and on looking out he saw five men forcing the kitchen door. When he saw the door broken open he dressed himself, and, having picked up a light hatchet, went down and crossed the yard and followed the men through the kitchen into the hall. He had a candle in his hand and the burglars had a s'ome light, which they extinguished as soon as they heard him. The tallest of the five men, when he saw that witness had a hatchet, kept dodging him about, and they all followed him into the kitchen. There the tall man struck at him with an iron bar he had in his hand, but the blow did not take effect, and before he could recover himself witness struck him on the arm with the edge of the hatchet. Witness was going to strike the man, when another man, whom he identified as the prisoner Cooper, interposed, and received a severe blow on the shoulder with the back part of the hatchet. Cooper then struck him and knocked the candle out of his hand. He fought as well as he could in the dark, but soon received a blow on the back of his head and the blood trickled down from the wound made. He was then knocked down, and kicked, and struck, and knew nothing more until he found himself in bed four days later. Mr. Reynolds and several of his servants were called, and spoke to the fact of the house having been broken into, and to the finding of Williams insensible in the back kitchen with the hatchet lying near him. Both Mr. Reynolds and the servants were awake by the noise of the struggle, but the burglars had made off before they reached the spot. Detectives Spokes and Seal gave evidence relative to the apprehension of the prisoners in consequence of the description of the burglars given by Williams. When taken into custody, Cooper was suffering from a severe contusion on the right shoulder, which he said had been caused by an Irishman giving him a ding against the edge of a kerbstone. For the prisoners an alibi was endeavoured to be proved, but it failed entirely, and only tended to strengthen the case against Talbot, as proving that he was very intimate with Cooper, and that he was with him up to a late hour on the night before the burglary. Cooper was committed to the assizes for trial, and Talbot was further remanded. This daring burglary has caused great excitement in Birmingham. In accordance with the recommendation of Mr. Kynnersley, Government have offered a reward of £50 for the apprehension of the burglars, and a free pardon to any one concerned in it who will give information.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ROBBERY—£1,200 STOLEN.—On Christmas-day a serious robbery was effected on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. By one of the early morning trains into Yorkshire a number of cash-boxes were stolen from the head offices of the company, containing the wages of the employes at the stations along the line. On the train reaching North Dean it was discovered that one of the boxes (those for Bradford, Halifax, and Wakefield, containing £1,200, chiefly in gold and silver) had been abstracted. The guard did not miss them till he reached North Dean, and it is supposed they had been taken from his van during his temporary absence at one of the previous stations.—*Leeds Mercury*.

A CLERGYMAN KILLED.—A melancholy event occurred at the village of Golcar, near Huddersfield, on Christmas-day. The Rev. J. E. Downing, accompanied by his servant man, was proceeding in an open carriage to dine with a gentleman (Mr. G. Armitage) at Milnsbridge, when the horse by which the vehicle was drawn took fright, and ran against a wall, and by the concussion both were pitched over a wall into an old quarry, and Mr. Downing received such injuries as caused his death the same evening. His servant was not much worse. Mr. Downing had been twenty-six years incumbent of Golcar, and he was much respected by all classes of his parishioners. His wife, his son (the Rev. J. E. Downing), and another gentleman, and a young lady were a little in advance in another carriage, going to Mr. Armitage's, at the time of the unfortunate accident. The death of Mr. Downing, under so painful circumstances, threw a deep gloom over the Christmas festivities of the locality in which it occurred.

TRIPLE BIRTH.—A very poor woman, named Murphy, living in Dundalk, was confined of three children. Her state of destitution was such that a memorial in her behalf was forwarded to the Queen, signed by the Hon. Major Jocelyn and J. E. Carisher, Esq., J.P., chairman of the town commissioners. A reply has been just received, saying her Majesty has been graciously pleased to send the poor woman £3, which proves that the meanest subject in the realm is not without the sympathy of the Queen.—*Irish Times*.

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

We this week resume our interesting illustrated sketches of China. First is a well-to-do merchant; second, a mode of punishment in which the unfortunate being is ignominiously seated with a table or large piece of square board round his neck, on which is inscribed the offence for which he is suffering; and in this plight he is condemned to walk the streets for a certain number of days. Next is a Chinese barrow—a much more cumbersome affair than our own; and, lastly, a travelling barber. In China a large trade is done by itinerant barbers. You find people seated on a small stool, undergoing the operation of shaving, &c., in all the streets.

GARIBALDI'S RETURN TO CAPRERA.

GENERAL GARIBALDI's journey from Pisa to Leghorn, when on his return to Caprera, is thus described in a letter from an officer formerly on his staff:—

"He wished to embark on the Arno, and in that way reach Leghorn by a canal, an old work of the Medici, which runs from Pisa to that city, and a boat was prepared for the purpose by his friends. This way of travelling, always long and tedious, would have been rendered more so by a heavy fall of rain; therefore the general, yielding to the prayers of his friends, resolved to go by rail. As he wished to avoid the great demonstrations of popular feeling which are on no occasion wanting, he desired to go by special, and to start earlier than the ordinary train. Yesterday he was very tired from receiving so many visitors, and suffered from being obliged to talk, which aggravated his wound by exciting the nervous system. Nevertheless, he received all with singular affection and infinite benevolence; and, indeed, I did not once notice in his serene and calm bearing, I will not say a movement of impatience, but even of vexation or weariness. When all was decided for the departure by railway, the weather changed, and therefore the general returned to his first plan of going by the canal. At half-past two in the morning his bed was taken on the shoulders of some of his Pisan Volunteers, who claimed for themselves that honour, and with great care was carried down the stairs of the hotel, and then by some neighbouring steps to the boat. All Pisa was alive. Numerous parties filled the coffee-houses and other places, waiting the hour of departure, in order to see their general. The streets, the banks of the Arno, and the bridges were full, and it was with difficulty they were able to make a path in the crowd through which to carry the illustrious wounded. Torches gleamed from all the windows. Bengal lights illuminated

SKETCHES IN CHINA, No. 2.



CHINESE MERCHANT.

kissed us with affection. The parting pained us, and we returned sorrowfully to Leghorn."

WONDERFUL ESCAPE IN THE LATE GALE.—On Saturday, as William Hoskins, of Greenwich, was in his boat near the Maplin Sands, on the look-out for ships, the wind increased to a gale, and drifted him far to leeward. When near the Middle Deep, he saw a barge, the Matilda, of London, at anchor, with colours half-mast high, and when he boarded her he found the barge deserted. The vessel parted from her anchor, and drifted about in all the fearful weather until Sunday night, when she struck on the French coast, about six miles west of Calais, and became a total wreck. Hoskins was washed ashore on a bundle of straw (a bundle of straw will sustain the human frame in the water for many hours). The British consul at Calais sent him across to the Dover Sailors' Home by the French mail packet, Queen. When at the Home he was very anxious to proceed to London, to relieve the minds of his friends.

MR THOMAS LUCAS died at Woodford, on the 19th ult., at the age of 106 years, having been born at Ashwell, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1756. Mr. Lucas preserved his bodily strength to a surprising degree, as well as his mental faculties, up to within a few days of his decease. His mother died at the age of 101.



CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

the beautiful Lung'Arno, and the scene was truly picturesque. In the midst of this crowd, which applauded and saluted the hero, we descended the Arno, and entered by the Ponte-a-Mare into the canal called the Fosso dei Vaicelli. Nothing I can say will give you any idea of this voyage. I can only tell you that for five or six miles, although the hour was so late, all the fishermen and boatmen, the only inhabitants, were crowding along the water-side, which was illuminated by bonfires and torches. I, who know this country, and know of what people this crowd was composed, find in these truly popular demonstrations, spontaneous, coming from the heart, a new proof of the immense influence which this singular man exercises. To see the wives of these fishermen and boatmen showing themselves in their balconies, lantern in hand, and crying with pleasure that at last they were able to see their hero, the boys and men throwing themselves into the water, in order to salute him nearer—indeed, we, who have accompanied him in so many triumphs, were astonished when we thought of the ovation through which we are passing, and at so unusual an hour. This demonstration lasted, I may say, during the whole journey, which was longer than we expected, I believe, by the cunning of the good Livorae, who rowed the boat slowly, as they wished that the general should arrive in Leghorn by daylight. And here I despair of giving you any idea of the affectionate demonstrations made by this good population. Immense crowds, great cheering, words of admiration and of love, women crying, blessings from all! The boats, the bridges, the banks of the canal, the windows, the roads—all were full of people, who placed themselves everywhere and anywhere, even at some risk to their lives, to see and salute Garibaldi. It is useless; no one who did not see it can have an idea of it. The postal steamer Sardagna, on which the general wished to go, was anchored in the Porto Nuovo. Accompanied by a crowd of boats, we arrived at the steamer. Here the roughness of the sea rendered it difficult to approach; nevertheless, we got alongside. Strong rowers kept the boat firm. A cradle was let down, in which the general's bed was put, and the ascent began. He was hardly raised a few inches when a heavy sea struck the steamer, knocking it against the boat. It seemed as if it would crush him between the sides. Our hearts were in our throats. The boats tossing on the waves, the confusion, the cries, the cheers, formed an inexplicable tumult in this moment of peril. The general, suspended in the air, tranquil and serene, turned himself to the people, drew his hand from under the clothes, and saluted them. Finally, the hour of departure arrived; the general's bed was placed on the deck; he saluted us, and

AN EXECUTION IN MALTA.

As in most Roman Catholic countries, there exists in Malta a confraternity styled "La Congregazione dei Rosarianti," who in the case of a criminal having to undergo the punishment of death take a very prominent part in everything connected with the sentence. For several days previous to an execution the members of this society, arrayed in a white dress from their heads to their heels, with two small holes for the eyes, visit the different towns and villages collecting funds, which are handed over to the priests to say masses for the soul of the criminal, and for his release from purgatory. About forty hours before an execution the condemned is placed in a chapel expressly built for the purpose with two Capuchin priests, who never quit him till the execution is over; and the latter shows extraordinary zeal in bringing criminals to repentance, and preparing them for their future state. To the credit of the Roman Catholic clergy, no person, it is said, has been executed without having previously confessed. Previous to the criminal quitting the chapel the hangman declares that he has no bad feeling towards him, and that he merely obeys orders. He then kisses him. On the road to the gallows the Capuchin priests hold tablets on each side of the prisoner's face. On these tablets are images of our Saviour. Criminals are hung upon a gallows, and the hangman jumps on the shoulders of the criminal till he is dead. Six convicts drag the car, and it is understood they generally get six months remitted from their sentence for so doing. From the time the criminal leaves the chapel the confraternity in a manner take charge of him. They form a procession in front, with a cross lighted on each side, and it is their especial duty to see the ceremony carried out with decorum, to render it solemn and impressive, so that it may have a beneficial effect on the spectators; and in this they succeed, for the crowd at an execution in Malta is serious and reflecting, and impressed with a religious feeling of sorrow. During the execution the confraternity pray in a devout posture. The body hangs two hours, after which the senior member of the confraternity claims as his especial right the privilege of untying the rope from the corpse. The members receive the body, and carry it to the place of interment, where it is buried in a sack. All this is done by the confraternity themselves, without any other assistance, and though the duties are so disagreeable, it is considered a very high honour even by the highest classes to belong to the order. The hangman's situation is anything but coveted. He receives about 40*l.* per annum, and a trifling gratuity for every execution.



CHINESE BARROW.



TRAVELLING BARBER.

In July last, a maid servant, Catarina Bary, was found murdered, and the house, which was next door to the officers' quarters, robbed. The police have shown great judgment and sagacity in discovering the murderers and burglars, and Giuseppe Attord, coachman, and Giuseppe Chetcuti, fruit seller, were tried and condemned principally on the evidence of a confederate who turned Queen's evidence. The police ferreted out eighty witnesses in support of the charge, the jury unanimously found them guilty, and on the morning of the 22nd, at eight a.m., the sentence was carried into execution, and the two prisoners were hanged from one gallows at the same time. They entered the chapel on Saturday at three p.m., from which hour they may be said to have been dead to the world. The honour, for such it is considered, of untangling them from the gallows fell to the lot of two of the confraternity, one of whom is said to be Count Prezioso. The members had been actively collecting funds for some days previous, and returned to town shortly after twelve o'clock of the day of the execution, after their arduous, unpleasant, and fatiguing duty.

The execution cast quite a gloom over the town. The crowd felt it deeply. The prisoners acknowledged their guilt, said they had been the victims of gambling, and persuaded their countrymen to avoid gambling.

A DAUGHTER OF VIRGINIA.—One of the *New York Times'* correspondents writes from Acquia Creek:—"An incident which recently transpired near here is worthy of recording, illustrating, as it does, the coolness and courage with which some of the Virginia women are endowed. A cavalry straggler, after vainly ransacking the outbuildings of a plantation in search of corn, approached the door in which a young lady was standing, and demanded that some of the grain, which he knew was concealed in the house, should be given him. 'We have none,' was the reply. 'Stand aside until I go in and see for myself.' He rudely retorted, at the same time whipping out of its sheath a heavy Colt's revolver. No sooner done than the fair girl planted herself firmly in the doorway, drew a small repeater from her bosom, and deliberately aiming it at the rascal's head, exclaimed, 'Approach one step further towards this house and you are a dead man.' Cowed and baffled by such an exhibition of bravery, the trooper turned on his heel and left. This heroine is the intended of George B. Davis, a nephew of Jeffs, and discharges her pocket-pistol with an accuracy which has made her famous in this locality."

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

We this week present our readers with a portrait of Marshal MacMahon, who is the hero of Magenta. On the celebrated 4th of June, after a bloody contest, this gallant soldier made himself master of the place. The Emperor of the French in his despatch to the Empress said:—“The operation was well executed, although the enemy, who had repassed the Ticino in great force, offered a most determined resistance. The roadways were narrow, and during two hours the Imperial Guard sustained unsupported the shock of the enemy. In the meantime General MacMahon made himself master of Magenta. After sanguinary conflicts we repulsed the enemy at every point, with the loss on our side of about 2,000 men placed *hors de combat*. The loss of the enemy is estimated at 15,000 killed and wounded; 5,000 Austrian prisoners remained in our hands.” This distinguished general, it will be remembered, was the captor of the Malakoff, a feat only eclipsed for a time by his exploits in the north of Italy.

FEARFUL FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN SOHO.

A FIRE was discovered about half-past eleven o'clock on Boxing-night in the shop, No. 6, Portland-street, Soho, occupied by a working jeweller named George Chard. Lobb, 73 C, the constable on duty, at once sent for assistance, and Sergeant Allen, 20 C, coming up, saw a man named William Henry Jennings, a furniture dealer, of 2, Hollen-street, Soho, endeavouring to pull down the shutters of the shop. The sergeant told him not to do so, as the draught would only feed the fire, but the man still persisting, Allen threw him in the carriage way, and then, hearing sounds of persons inside, burst open the street door, and by that act enabled six or seven of the inmates to rush from the passage to the street. The sergeant then ascended the staircase to the second floor, where he found a woman and a child about two years old, which he brought to the street. Allen then saw Jennings pull down the shutters of the shop, when the flames burst into all parts of the house. The sergeant at once took Jennings into custody. The sergeant again tried his utmost to ascend the staircase, but was unable to do so, owing to the intense smoke and heat. He then ascended the fire escape, and took a child about two years old from the fire escape man at the second floor window and brought it down. 73 C then went to the second floor back, where he found a very old woman, whom he brought to the street, and then searched other rooms, but found no one in them. A man named Abrams, who was instrumental in saving some



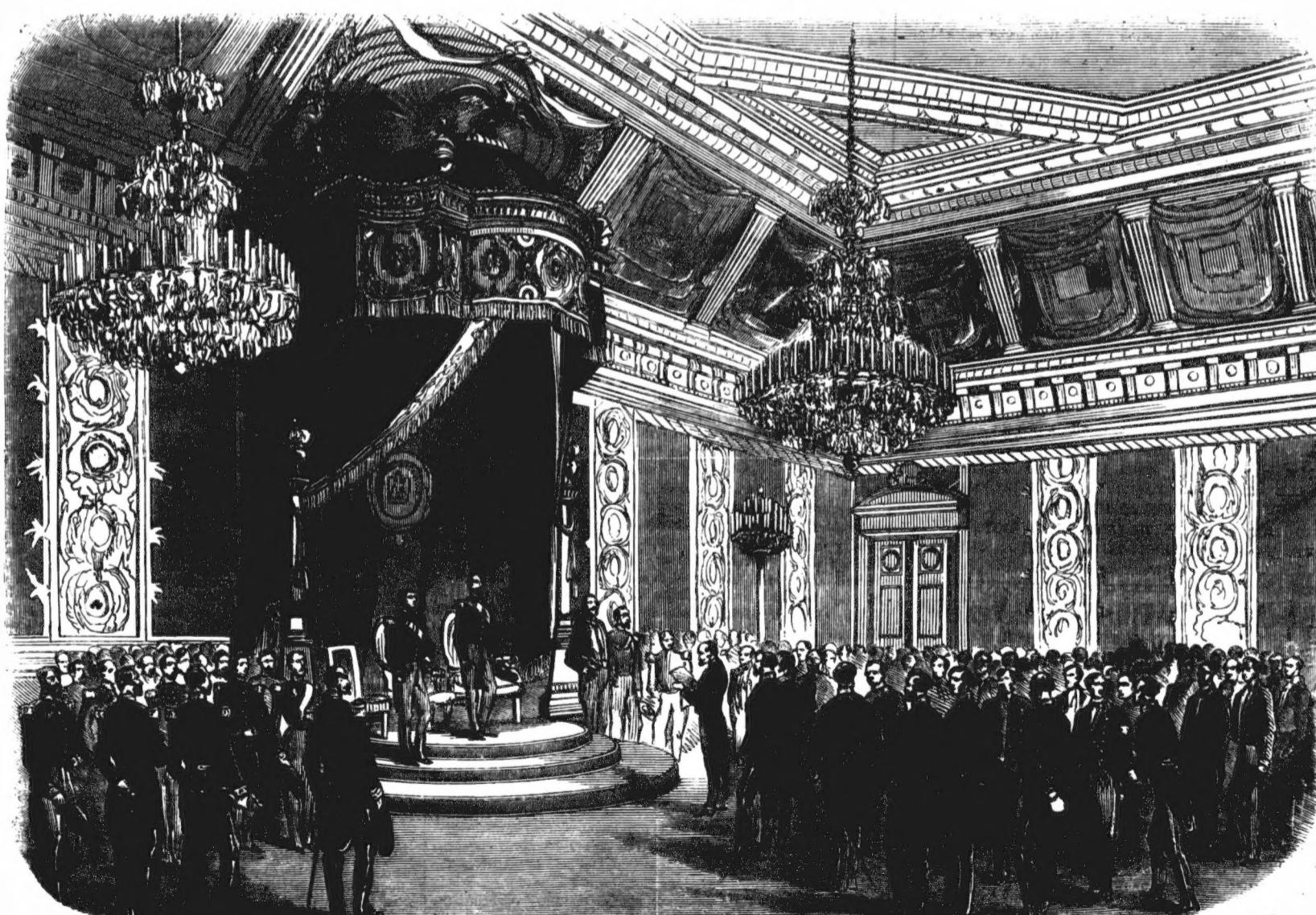
THE DUKE OF MAGENTA.

lives, was robbed of his hat and coat, which he had left on an engine. The fire, which originated in the shop, was extinguished by the firemen, when it was found that the shop was burnt out and the upper part of the house seriously injured. On a search being subsequently made by the firemen the bodies of six children of the name of Spencer, the father being a porter and in bad health, were discovered in the front attic. The names of the children are Samuel, 14½; Sarah Ann, 12½; Emily, 10½; Joel Walter, 9; Edward, 7; and Alfred, 3. The bodies were at once put in shells from St. James's workhouse. The father was dragged through the roof by a fellow-lodger, and the mother managed to escape with one child, about ten months old. Several of the inmates who escaped were taken to the St. James's workhouse, where they were kindly treated by the master (Mr. Mackay) and the matron. The complaints of the inhabitants of the street of the delay in obtaining water were loud and general.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON'S PERSONNEL.

A correspondent of the *Charlestown Mercury* relates two anecdotes of General Jackson:—“A Yankee captain, captured in the battles beyond Richmond, was brought to some brigadier's head-quarters. Being fatigued, he lay down under a tree to rest. Soon after General Lee and staff rode up. The Yankee asked who he was, and, when told, praised his soldierly appearance in extravagant terms. Not long after Jackson and his staff rode up. When told that that was Jackson the Yankee bounded to his feet in great excitement, showing that he was much more anxious to see old Stonewall than Lee. He gazed at him a long time. ‘And that's Stonewall Jackson!’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Waal, I swaar, he ain't much for looks;’ and he lay down and went to sleep. During the same battles a straggler, who had built a nice fire in the old field, and was enjoying it all to himself, observed what he took to be a squad of cavalry. The man in front seemed to be reeling in his saddle. The straggler ran out to him and said, ‘Look here, old fellow, you are mighty happy. Where do you get your liquor from? Give me some. I'm as dry as a powder-horn.’ Imagine his feelings when he found it was Jackson, the most ungraceful rider in the army, and who naturally sways from side to side as if he were ‘three sheets in the wind.’”

NEWS from Mexico states that General Forey will commence operations in the middle of January.



RECEPTION OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE BY LOUIS NAPOLEON. (See page 195.)

THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS
It is unnecessary to inform our readers that a wide-spread and still increasing amount of distress prevails in the Manufacturing Districts, on account of the failure of the supply of cotton from the Southern States of America. The knowledge that such distress does exist, and that numerous families are suffering the direst privations at this inclement season, is sufficient to excite the sympathy of all our readers. But even amongst these readers there may be many whose means will not allow them to give much, but who would cheerfully contribute a little. Therefore, in opening at our Office a Subscription List for

THE LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE RELIEF FUND.
we wish to be expressly understood that the smallest contribution will be welcomed and will be duly acknowledged.

The List of Donations will be published weekly in this journal, and the amount received will be regularly paid over to the Mansion House Committee. The Lord Mayor's receipt for the sums will also be published.
OBSERVE!—All contributions must be enclosed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at our Office, No. 25, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; and the letters must specify that the said donations are to be acknowledged in the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS."

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. B.
A. M.	P. M.			
3	S	2nd Sunday after Christmas	0 55	1 18
4	S	1 40	1 58
5	M	Sun rises 8h.	2 17	2 35
6	T	Epiphany. Twelfth Day	2 52	3 9
7	W	Princess Charlotte born, 1796	3 25	3 42
8	T	British Museum re-opens	3 59	4 16
9	F	Fire insurance due	4 33	4 48

MOON'S CHANGES.—Full Moon 5, 3h. 42m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.	EVENING.
Isaiah 41, Matthew 3.	Isaiah 43, Romans 3.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—Dr. George Birkbeck was the originator of mechanics' institutes.

ANXIOUS FATHER.—If not a City apprentice, your son will be entitled to leave his master on his attaining twenty-one. The father will not be liable to the master in such an event unless he has expressly covenanted for the son's services for the period agreed on, and then only in an action for damages.

AN UNFORTUNATE.—As the child is more than twelve months old, no order of affiliation can be obtained against the father, unless it can be proved that he has contributed money for its support within the last twelve months.

X. Y. Z.—Lancashire and Yorkshire furnish the tallest specimens of Englishmen.

A SOLDIER.—The father is not legally liable for the support of his son's wife and child born during the son's enlistment.

DAVID NAPIER (Worcester).—We copy the statement from Tilt's Paragon Almanack, 1863, the pressure on our time precludes our searching authorities at the present moment to investigate this interesting question.

T. B.—The indenture is void.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

ANOTHER tremendous disaster has fallen on the Federal arms. So great has been the carnage, so complete and undeniable the defeat, that the North appears stunned by the blow. In all these encounters the tendency of the Federals, who alone supply Europe with the news of them, was to conceal their losses, and to represent the conflict as costing them only a few thousand men—a loss balanced by greater slaughter among the enemy. But in this case there is no such pretence. The blow has been too severe and too sudden for any misrepresentation. It is acknowledged that the army of General Burnside has been totally defeated with the loss of upwards of 15,000 men, that it has been forced to recross the Rappahannock under the shelter of darkness, and that the winter campaign is at an end. The immense army of the Federals—supplied, as its friends boast, with every munition of war, with abundant clothing and shelter, with a powerful artillery and a transport service in the highest efficiency—has been completely beaten by an army which is ill provided in almost every department, and which the Federals have painted as sinking under want and despair. It

now appears that the Confederate army of Virginia, under General Lee and Longstreet, and other tried campaigners, is as able to hold its own against the invaders as at any period of the war. The arrangements of the Southern generals show their skill and their confidence in their troops. Although probably less numerous than the Federals, their army took up a position which seemed to those who direct affairs from Washington to invite an attack. They did not retire on Richmond but made their stand at Fredericksburg, within a few miles of Acquia Creek, the new base of the Federal operations. General Burnside was, therefore, forced by the very audacity of the enemy to try the fortune of war. He could not with any safety to his place or reputation refuse to please those who appointed him by an advance on Richmond. The first operation was temptingly easy. He had only to cross the Rappahannock from Falmouth into Fredericksburg, and he would be able to report the capture of a Virginian city, and the enforced retreat of the rebels before the army of the Potomac. This operation was therefore determined on, and was carried out a few days before the great battle, to the exceeding delight of the Federals, who once more began to talk of wintering in the capital of the Confederacy. After firing into the unfortunate little town of Fredericksburg for some time, General Burnside crossed and occupied it, the Confederates retiring before him. But the general, as a soldier who has seen war, must have known that his task was only beginning. All along the Rappahannock, from Port Royal to some distance above Fredericksburg, lay the Confederate army, entrenched in strong positions, and continually labouring at the works which protected them. To attack these might not have been the choice of the Federal commander, but it is plain he was not his own master. The authorities at Washington and the Northern public were equally impatient, and the Confederates, who, in the fancy of some of their enemies, were perishing with cold and hunger, had to be attacked. The result was the defeat which is described in another part of our columns. The battle was general, and the forces engaged not inferior to those of any action in the war. According to the accounts in the New York papers, General Longstreet commanded the Confederate centre; Jackson, returned from the Valley of the Shenandoah, was on the right; and Generals Lee and Stuart were on the left. The number of 200,000 attributed to them by the Federals after the battle, is, of course immensely exaggerated. No one can doubt that the Federals fought well, for that they have done at all times; and, moreover, the description given of the battle and the great number of slain show that it must have been a hotly-contested fight. But more than their usual ill-fortune awaited them. The Confederates occupied heights, and the Federals, in attacking them, were evidently cut to pieces. The battle of the 13th ended in the army of Burnside being driven back on Fredericksburg, and the impregnability of the Confederate position fully manifested.

On pages 200 and 201 of this week's issue will be found illustrations from the principal scenes at the Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, Adelphi, Olympic, Sadler's Wells, Queen Victoria, and City of London Theatres.

We now proceed to give our subscribers some account of the efforts of the various managers.

COVENT GARDEN.—First in order, as in success, in our chronicle, comes this ancient temple of the drama. "Harlequin Beauty and the Beast, and the Gnome Queen and the Good Fairy" is the title. "Beauty and the Beast" is pretty well known to the public as the most cherished of the nursery-tales of infancy. Beauty (Miss Louisa Laidlaw) goes through her trials and tribulations with the spell-bound ursine Prince, in direct antithesis to these Gorgon spinsters, her sisters Frowina and Scowletta, with infinite grace. The Good Fairy (Miss Eliza Arden) is the most charming of supernaturals. Prince Perfect, travestied by the vindictive Brutina from a fair and upright youth to a rough and downy beast, is played with great vivacity by Mrs. Aynsley Cook. Queen Brutina is most facetiously played by Mr. C. Fenton, attended by his menial, or rather, mineral servants, Hey, Cocko, Lord Snipsnap, and Snorum. Squire Tiddewinks, the fond parent of Beauty, the elderly gentleman who, in the nursery tale, had the cause to discover that there is no rose without a thorn, was played by Mr. W. H. Payne in the genuine old pantomime style—that is to say, that the audience roared again at the eccentric vagaries of himself and his man, Muddle-head, a fitting servitor to such a master. Mr. Payne, jun. The scene where the facetious twain get dressed at the enchanted mansion of the Beast was superlatively funny. The human furniture and self-moving dishes, tables, candlesticks, &c., in the same scene, were very original and amusing. In the next the maidens of the father was, perhaps, little overdone, and there was rather too striking a recurrence of Nigger melodies. The entire piece will, no doubt, be subjected to curtain, however, before it gets into thorough working order. The grand transformation scene, Moonbeam and sunlight, or the Descent of Morn's First Ray, invented, arranged, and painted by Mr. W. Calcott, certainly equals, if it does not surpass, anything of the kind we ever witnessed. The effect of the moonlit river flowing amidst the most gorgeous tropical vegetation, and the descent of the spirit that typifies the morning ray, were startlingly beautiful—beautiful to the extreme. It is hardly necessary to add that the pantomime will receive by a crowded house as a triumphant success. The indefatigable Mr. Henry Byron is the author. The new scenery is really superb. The transformation of the characters is as follows: Harlequin, Fred Payne; Columbine, Miss Bertha Adams; Pantalo, W. A. Barnes; Clown, Harry Payne; sprites, the Ericles and Martinette. We should add that Mr. Calcott was called before the curtain. He duly made his bow in acknowledgment of this public approval of his extraordinary scenery and general effects.

DRURY LANE.—The alterations at this grand old theatre are on so extensive a scale that they necessitate a few words of comment. To make way for the present improvements the ceiling and fronts of the boxes have been entirely stripped. The old box divisions of the dress circle and the pit circle have been removed, and rows of chairs extend without interruption from one end of the tier to the other, after the manner of Covent Garden in the open season. The chairs are covered with velvet, the floors are carpeted, and the walls of the corridors have been newly marbled. The new decorations are strictly in the style of Louis the Fourteenth, the ornaments throughout being in bas relief, gilt, on a white ground. The ceiling is divided into panels, and round the chandelier is a rich band of oak-leaves and a trellis centre, while the large coves of the ceiling is filled with trellis-work and rosettes in solid gold, with a wreath of oak-leaves round. The lower gallery and stairs have been converted into one spacious amphitheatre, the front of which has been divided into compartments with the trellis pattern, while a medallion with a bust has been placed over each compartment. The fronts of the three tiers of boxes have been altered to correspond with the style of Louis XIV. The columns between the tiers are wreathed with laurel leaves, and branch lights spring from the capitals. A massive enriched gilt frame has been added to the arch and sides of the proscenium, somewhat resembling that of the New Theatre Lyrique in Paris. The colour, that appears in vivid contrast to the white and gold decorations, is a bright cerise. The curtains, hangings, carpets, and chairs throughout are of this colour. The stalls, like the chairs of the dress circle, are covered with velvet, with frames in imitation of ebony. Consistent with the rest of the building, the saloon is decorated with white and gold, the pilasters and columns being in vein marble. The staircase and rotunda are painted light green, with scalloped columns. The old play-goer will remember the King's Room, formerly occupied by the Prince Regent, but for many years past used as a lumber room. It appears now a handsome saloon with Corinthian columns and a dome in the centre. The royal box is restored to its old position on a level with the dress circle; and the box on the opposite side (formerly the Duke of York's) is appropriated to his royal highness the Prince of Wales. In short, the theatre, as regards the interior, is entirely new, and it is now light, elegant, and brilliant in the extreme. "Little Goody Two Shoes and Little Boy Blue," the title of the pantomime, have been heard of before by the public during its infancy. It is sufficient that we state it to be an extraordinary success. The names of Misses Lydia Thompson, Kate Saxon, Helen Howard, Messrs. J. Robins, G. West, and Tom Matthews, in the introduction, say all that is necessary for the preliminary part of the pantomime; while the double company in the harlequinade (Mr. E. T. Smith's invention), including Messrs. H. Boleno and C. Lauri as Clowns, Messrs. G. Tanner and D. Johnson as Pantaloons, Messrs. Cormack and D. Maine as Harlequins, and Madame H. Boleno and Miss Gunnison as Columbines, stamp the comic business at once as the best of its kind. Messrs. Grieves and Tilbin have painted some beautiful woodland and pastoral scenery. "The Haunt of the Wood Nymphs in the Enchanted Dell," for instance, in which hundreds of young girls are made to represent animated flowers, who resolve themselves, by several ingenious terpsichorean feats, into bouquets, and the transformation scene, giving a magnificent and almost magical representation of the interior of the International Exhibition. The latter scene must really be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Oscar Byrne, by the bye, deserves great credit for his ballet arrangement. On Boxing-night the crowd at Drury Lane was enormous, and more respectable and orderly set never congregated together.

HAYMARKET.—Rasselas is the subject of the holiday extravaganza. Mr. W. Brough is the writer of this amusing piece and he merits all the more credit for the variety, interest, and merit he has contrived to extract from a subject so infinitely heavy. But then mark the cast of the dramatic personae. Rasselas, Miss Louise Keeley (her first appearance at this theatre); Uncle Mr. Compton; the Emperor, Mr. Chippendale; Beni Zouz, an Arab chief, Mr. W. Farren; Altano, Mr. Clark; Nakayah, Miss Winter; Feknah, Miss E. Horner; Amalibis, Mr. Braud; Dianies, Miss Lucy Bushell; Zella, Miss H. Bradley; and Dr. Johnson (who appears for the first time since his lamented decease) by Miss Tilbury, who is re-engaged at this theatre. In the course of the piece a *Divertissement des Clefshettes* takes place by the ballet. The adapter has not confined himself strictly to incidents to be found in "Rasselas," as he has called in the authoress of "Dinarbes" (the sequel to Dr. Johnson's incomplete story) to supply the extra characters required for dramatic exigencies. Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Louise Keeley's impersonation.

tion of Rasselas—nothing could be more gracefully dashing and vigorous; while the facetious dignity of Mr. Chippendale, and the peculiar humour of Mr. Compton, were not to be surpassed. Mr. Tibbey's Doctor Johnson must be seen to be appreciated; the sonorous and didactic style of his protests against the puns of the burlesque kept the audience in roars of laughter. The songs, farcicisms, and punnisms were equal to the usual standard of extravaganza. The new scenery, by Messrs O'Connor and Morris, was particularly admired, particularly the last scene, which was more than usually resplendent with blue fire, tinsel, and muslin. The incidental dances and ballet were in good taste and well arranged. Altogether, the Haymarket burlesque for this our present *anno domini* may be safely described as perfectly successful.

PRINCESS.—At this theatre our old friend "Prince Riquet with the Fuft," is once more called upon to do duty on the boards, and at this time in partnership with "Old Mother Shipton" of prophetic and uncanny celebrity. The present version and arrangement emanates from the prolific pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard. Sufficient it that this novelty was produced on Boxing-night with the most marked success, and that Mr. Beverley's transformation scene is in itself a triumph of art: indeed he has rarely, if he has ever, surpassed the paradesical home that he has this year contrived for his fairy tenantry—his Lake of the Lillies and Enchanted Wood really do him infinite credit. The opening is replete, as such openings are, with the inevitable puns and parodies, but everything, as is the case with all Mr. E. L. Blanchard's productions, was in the best possible taste. King Rumbustious was played by Mr. Belmore, Prince Riquet by Mr. Seyton, and Mother Shipton by Mr. Cockerell. The fair Princess Amoretta was enacted by Miss Hudspeth and Mother Bunch by Miss Florence Gray. In the action and in the ballet nearly two hundred coryphées and children are engaged. The whole affair, a decided success, went off with considerable eclat, and with a smoothness not always observable in first performances. The music is by Mr. Charles Hall, and the properties are on an unusually extensive scale. Mr. Beverley's Lake of Water Lilies, of course, ensured his being called before the curtain, where he duly made his bow and acknowledgements. The harlequinade is thus distributed—Harlequin, Mr. Milano; Clown, Mr. Power; Pantaloons, Mr. Galford; and Columbine, Mlle. Marie Collinson; and the entire entertainment seems to have been excellently arranged and produced, under the supervision of Mr. Robert Kirby.

OLYMPIC.—"Robin Hood: or, the Forester's Fete," is the novelty at the above theatre. We have only to state that it was produced on Boxing-night with the success it fairly deserves. This entertainment is very smartly written by Mr. Burnand; it is well put up as a drama, and the scenery, by Messrs. Telbin and Danson, is really superb. The ballet arrangements are particularly deserving of praise.

S.P. JAMES.—The Christmas entertainment inaugurated on Boxing-night is entitled "Golden Hair the Good," and is from the ubiquitous pen of Mr. Henry Byron. It turns upon the adventures of a certain fair wood nymph, who has made a kind of fairy matrimony by an affair with a demon. Everything ends, of course, pleasantly and happily (it usually does on the stage), and the scene in which Golden Hair the Good (Miss Herbert) is rewarded for her unselfish generosity by the revocation of her banishment from her fairy home, is truly beautiful. Indeed, this piece is remarkable throughout for the beauty of its scenery. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews were exceedingly applauded in their respective characters, and be sure that the Golden Hair was not neglected. The music, which was original, reflected much credit upon the composer, Mr. Wallenstein.

ADELPHI.—"George de Barwell; or, Harlequin Folly in the Halls of Fancy," is the title at this elegant theatre. The spirit of Folly, Miss Woolgar, assumes the shape of Lady Millwood, a person of the first ton, instead of the *chevaux de drap* of drapers' apprentices. This and many other liberties have been taken with the original text. The result, however, is most happy. Mr. Tools once seen as George de Barwell can never be forgotten—he surpasses himself. The very recollection of his amusing absurdities is mirth-moving in the extreme. In the second scene—the interior of his master's shop—with counters on each side—he enters in a state of heroic love, and sings a capital medley song, in which the music of the "Corsican Brothers" introduces Lady Millwood, who goes through a duet with Barwell, partly whistled and partly sung by both, to the intense amusement of the audience. The burlesque then goes on in the most laughable and extravagant manner, but the acting of which it is impossible to describe. This entertainment boasts one of the most beautiful transformation scenes of the season—it consists of a picturesque cavern, with various vaulted roofs and pillars, richly interlaced with branches of cord. At the back is a waterfall; nymphs rise on each side from the water below and above the cascade; others appear elegantly grouped, and gradually descend until they form an arch resting on the side groups. When the tableau is so far completed, female figures descend on each side of the higher part of the cave, appearing to depend entirely upon some delicate festoons of golden branches, while other groups of figures appear mistily through the cascade. The light is changed to a brilliant green, and afterwards to pink. The whole effect was admirable, and Mr. James, the painter, bowed his acknowledgement to the audience when he was victoriously called before the curtain. Mr. Tools's peculiar comic vein contributed much to the success of the piece. Gantish parts are so essentially his specialty that it will easily be believed he is the *bâton* of Mr. Byron's fast apprentice. Mrs. Alfred Mellon, both as Lady Millwood and Folly, played, sang, and danced with her usual excellent taste. The dresses were very handsome, and the whole has been put on the stage with a spirit and liberality which should ensure "George de Barwell" a long run. In the course of the pantomime two very clever French posturists and jugglers from Paris, who have been engaged by Mr. Webster to add to the attractions of the entertainment.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The usual harlequinade at this theatre is an original affair, written by Captain Horton Rhys. It is entitled "The Rose of Blarney; or, Harlequin Dannymanoranyotherman." There was a prologue, in which many characters appeared, but from the 'oin kept up in the galleries, we could only occasionally hear some smart allusions to the follies of the day. What might be termed an acted opening followed, which was burlesque throughout of the "Colleen Bawn." The usual transformation of the hero and heroine of the piece succeeded, the parts of Clown, Pantaloons, Harlequin, and Columbine being severally sustained by Mr. Henry Endersohn, Mr. Martin, Mr. Nash, and Miss Rose Nathan.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER (ASTLEY'S).—The old transposing house for gymnasts and circus horses, the ancient fame of the magnificent Dragoon, where "Maz-papa" was brought out, where "The Battle of Waterloo," and "Turpin's Ride to York," astonished the natives; the place where the immortal Widdicombe's rouge, ringlets, and padding excited our youthful wonder when taken to the equine show for an especial treat at Christmas—in short, "Hashley's" is no more. Mr. Boucicault, who has remodelled the theatre for the purposes of the regular drama, has effected all that could be done with the large but awkward old theatre snatched from the horse-riders, and this is a great deal more than most people expected. He has fitted up the house on the American plan—has made it light, airy, comfortable, and cheap. Below the gallery he has built what he calls the amphitheatre and upper boxes—a series of broad open seats arranged in the space formerly occupied by the stuffy upper-boxes of the old estab-

lishment. Under this structure, in front of the refreshment corridor, on the old dress-circ'e tier, he has arranged another set of seats even more comfortable, which he calls the boxes. In front of these boxes, or seats built out into the house, is a noble balcony, fitted up with the largest and most luxurious chairs ever seen in a London theatre. These are called the balcony stalls, and are the best part of the house, with the exception of the few private boxes which run down each side of the proscenium. The pit is equally well laid out, nearly one-half being railed off for pit stalls, which run to the orchestra. The orchestra is arranged to run only half across the footlights in the centre, leaving square places at each side, which are tastefully fitted up with green trellis work, and which each contain a fountain. A slight improvement has been effected in the foot-lights, so as to throw more light upon the stage, and the stage has been patched so as to extend now a little distance in front of the curtain. The decorations are light and pleasing; there is no lack of lamps about the house, and the passages round the building are open, well lighted, and well-ventilated. The stage is broad and deep enough for all practical purposes; the house is certainly one of the most cheerful in London, and all seats to servants are abolished, on the plan adopted by Mr. Webster and Mr. Harrison. So much for this new house, for Mr. Boucicault has made it a new theatre to all intents and purposes. The pieces selected for the opening night had nothing of novelty about them. "Parents and Guardians," "The Relief of Lucknow," and the Beni Zouz-Zouz Arabs may be very good in their way, but we have heard of them before. We now come, however, to the Christmas novelty at the New Westminster, which may properly be called its inauguration. "Ladybird; or, Harlequin Lord Dandreey"—it is only necessary to state that on the whole the novelty produced on Boxing-day was a success; there were very few of those hitches that are so common to first performances.

SURREY.—The Surrey pantomime this year is entitled "Mother Goose; or, the Queen of Hearts and the Wonderful Tarts." We have given the plot already. It only remains to say that the success was all that the managers could possibly have desired. The house was crowded to the ceiling by a noisy but good-humoured audience. The scenery was unusually good, more particularly one entitled, "Dame Nature's Winter Retreat and the Gathering of the Spirits of Frost," which, so far from having any tendency to a refrigerating character, is one of the most glowing and enkindling, and the jokes of the standard pantomime flavour. The garrotting of Baron Bramwell *in proprio per sonu* brought down roars of laughter.

MARYLEBONE.—The Christmas entertainment at this theatre was eminently successful on its first appearance, on Wednesday evening. The piece, by Mr. Nelson Lee, is entitled, "King Hal Ye Pluff, Anne Boleyn ye Fayre; or, Harlequin Herne ye Hunter." The incidents of the story afford great scope for the display of some exceedingly fine scenery by Mr. Herbert. The transformation scene was excellent of its kind. Altogether, the pantomime at the little Marylebone may be pronounced a complete success.

STRAND.—The Strand extravaganza this year is from Sir Walter Scott's renowned romance of "Ivanhoe," and like so many other Christmas novelties this year, it is from the prolific pen of Mr. Henry Byron. We have given in a former impression the alterations which the author has made on the story of the romancist—and the romance itself of course everybody knows. Like all the Strand Christmas pieces, it was a complete success. Mr. Clarke's Isaac of York is alone sufficient to have carried any piece through, if the power of eliciting unlimited laughter constitutes an element of success. The Wambs of Miss Marshall was prettily dressed and charmingly acted, and formed one of the features of the piece. The belles of the Strand, Miss Josephs, Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss Bolton, and Miss Hughes, were perfectly dazzling in costume. The recent addition to the Strand company of Mr. Charles Rice, made a tremendous hit, in his most amusing impersonation of Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert. The scenery was admirably managed, and there can be no doubt that the little Strand has added one more success to the many it has hitherto achieved under the Swanborough management.

VICTORIA.—"Edward the Black Prince; or, Harlequin and the Magic Feather" is the title of the new Christmas entertainment. We must confine ourselves to stating that the piece, which was thoroughly successful, was got up in a manner that reflects the highest credit on the enterprising lessees. Among the principal scenes may be noticed the Floms of Reason the Magic Forest, the Transformation Scene, and the Grand Tableau of the Prince of Wales in Egypt.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Nelson Lee produces a comic, spectacular, and generally seasonable version of "Sing a Song of Sixpence, a Posset full of Rye; or, Harlequin Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie." Seldom have the capabilities of such a theme been more successfully demonstrated; and we may congratulate the manager and author on as genuinely comic a pantomime—so far as regards the opening scenes—as a child of any age could desire to witness. In almost every scene, and with little or no cessation, unless it were during the somewhat tedious magnificence of the transformation, the audience thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment provided for their behoof. It would be sheer injustice to the principal actors if we were to ascribe all this success to the inventive capability of the author. Seldom have we seen a piece of pure absurdity better sustained by all the performers engaged in its evolution. The Queen, whose taste for bread and honey leads her from her parlour to the kitchen, and subsequently to a range of beehives in the royal gardens, when she is unfortunately assailed by a bunch of very big bees fastened on the end of a rather palpable wire, was effectively though somewhat broadly represented by Mr. Edward Dyas. A Mr. Charles Seymour, who sustained the role of Preciosa, the maid of all work, and who, unlike the hollow hearts which Mr. Bunn so beautifully described, did not wear a mask, gave to the part a great deal of very intelligently conceived romance and sentiment of the burlesque order, without the smallest approach to vulgarity; and the pantomimist, a Mr. H. Bell, who figured as the Lucky Sixpence, combined with his professional repertory of agile flexibility a cool appreciation of his part, evidenced by a never-flagging system of appropriate by-play. The mounting of the piece is unexceptionable; and the scenery denotes a considerable degree of artistic attainment in Mr. William Beaumont. The transformation was, as we have hinted, a trifle too long in its elaborate development of glittering tinsel and poses plastiques; but it was applauded at intervals, and especially at the junction when, in obedience to repeated and vociferous importunities from boxes, pit, and gallery, the carpenters at the wing lit up the coloured fires, and asphyxiated a score or so of unhappy figures with red, blue, and green smoke. Truth obliges us also to add that the fun of the harlequinade was a little quenched by abortive acrobatics, two excessively juvenile sprites being painfully inadequate to their very trying work. However, the Clown, a "provincial celebrity," whom London audiences will henceforth know as Mr. William Matthews, was indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse, and not without success; while the Harlequin and Columbine, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, were gracefully nimble in their arduous performances; and Mr. Morelli, whom we remember as a veteran adept in the art of buffoonery, tottered, and grimaced, and committed every sort of extravagant folly, as a Pantaloons should do. In fine, the pantomime at the City of London is one for which we may safely predict a large and well-deserved share of public favour.

STANDARD.—The piece is called "Cherry and Fair Star; or the Dancing Waters, the Singing Apple, and the Little Green Talking Bird." It need scarcely be said that it ends with the complete triumph of all the cardinal virtues, and the perfect happiness of everybody concerned; nor is it necessary for us to enter into a lengthy analysis of its story. The transformation scene, "Fancy's Wheel of Fortune, with the Ascent of the Naiads, attended by their Infantile Nymphs," is elaborate and gorgeous, and the repeated plaudits of the audience as it develops itself are of the most hearty and unmistakable character. In the burlesque a ballet is introduced, the principal danseuses being Miss Emma Horne and Miss Kate Mandebert. The harlequinade is brisk and bustling. None of the tricks are particularly new, but none of them miss fire. The repeal of the paper duty, Mr. Cobden's cheap wine, the Lancashire distress, the International Exhibition, Garibaldi, Lord Dundreary, the garter—to all of these some practical allusion is made. Mr. Gardner Boleno, as Clown, is droll and agile; the requisite amount of senility by Mr. H. G. Boleno as Pantaloons; Mr. Roby, as Harlequin; and Miss Emma Horne makes a capital Columbine. None of the old jokes seem to have lost their power to please—at any rate, in Shoreditch—and the laughter is constant and loud as the fun grows fast and furions. A popular part of the evening's entertainment is the tumbling of the Sprites (five in number), who are represented by the Etoile Family, and many of whose feats are of their kind, really excellent. On the whole, Miss Marriott, under whose management this capacious theatre has often been dedicated to the performance of the legitimate drama, may safely be congratulated on having produced a pantomime which gives unqualified satisfaction to crowded houses. The Christmas novelty is sure to have a long run, and its success is well deserved.

THE QUEEN S.—"Harlequin Kenilworth; or, the Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," is the title of the Christmas novelty at this little theatre. We have to add that the piece was perfectly well received, and from the warm manner with which it was applauded, it is not difficult to foretell a long run for it. The grand transformation scene—the Hall of Jewels in the Golden Palace of Fancy—was exceedingly splendid, and did the theatre great credit. Mrs. Robert Harrison appeared as Columbine, Mr. Fortune as Harlequin, Mr. Gilmore as Pantaloons, and Mr. Robert Harrison as Clown. The usual rough merriment, which is the distinguishing characteristic of pantomime, then proceeded, amid the boisterous merriment of the audience of the "gods" especially.

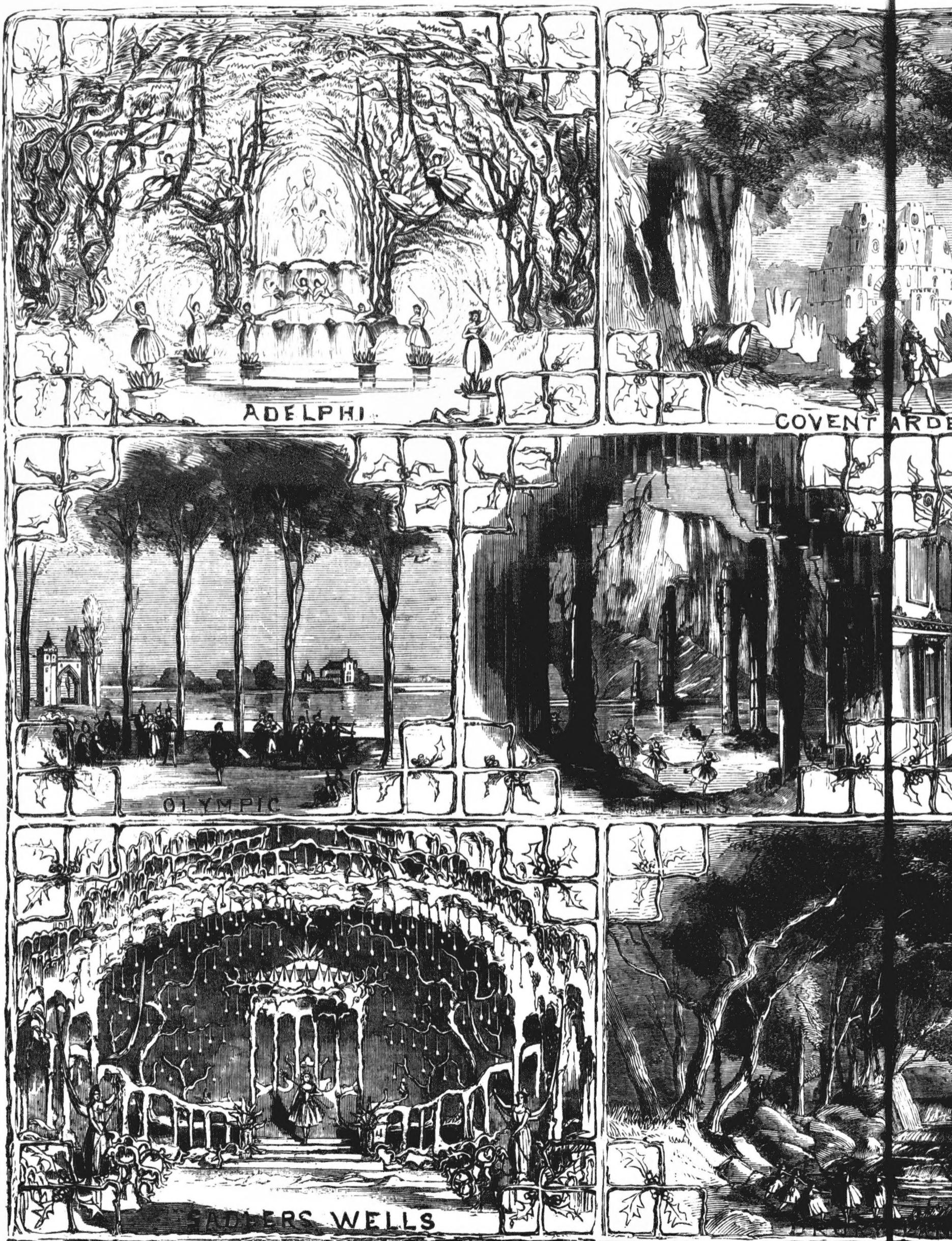
BRITANNIA.—"Abon Hassan, the sleeper of Bagdad, and the Fairies of the enchanted Mosque," is superbly put upon the stage. The scenery of the opening is exceedingly beautiful; the transformation one especially, with its many metamorphoses, forms of itself an elaborate and costly pageant well worth the price of admission. The artists, Messrs. John Gray and H. Muir, deserve rank among the first of their profession. Expensive appointments, powerful mechanism, and brilliant costumes (the latter by Mr. S. May) carry well out the general effect. The acting of the principal character, Abon Hassan, by Mrs. S. Lane, the point with which she sings numerous parodies, and the taste displayed in her attire, merit the highest encomiums, and will enhance the popularity this lady justly enjoys. Mrs. W. H. Crawford makes so charming a Princess, that it seems quite natural for Abon Hassan to fall in love with her. Messrs. J. Parry, G. Bigwood, E. Elton, G. Blythe, and C. Pitt, sustain their respective parts with much spirit, while the singing of Mr. J. Plumtree and Miss A. Downing afford equal support to the vocal department. The music by Mr. W. Brinkworth is also deserving of great commendation of the pantomimists—Harlequin, Mr. F. Evans; Clown, Mr. J. Louis; Pantaloons, Mr. W. Newham; Columbine, Mlle. Celeste Stephan; and sprite, Herr Stanchn—it is but justice to say that rarely has so excellent a company been engaged together. When to all these attractions are added the Neapolitan Minstrels, and the renowned Tom Sayers—sparring, riding, and acting with his celebrated performing mules, Barney and Pete—enough appears to guarantee the complete success of the spectacle.

THEATRICAL JEALOUSIES.

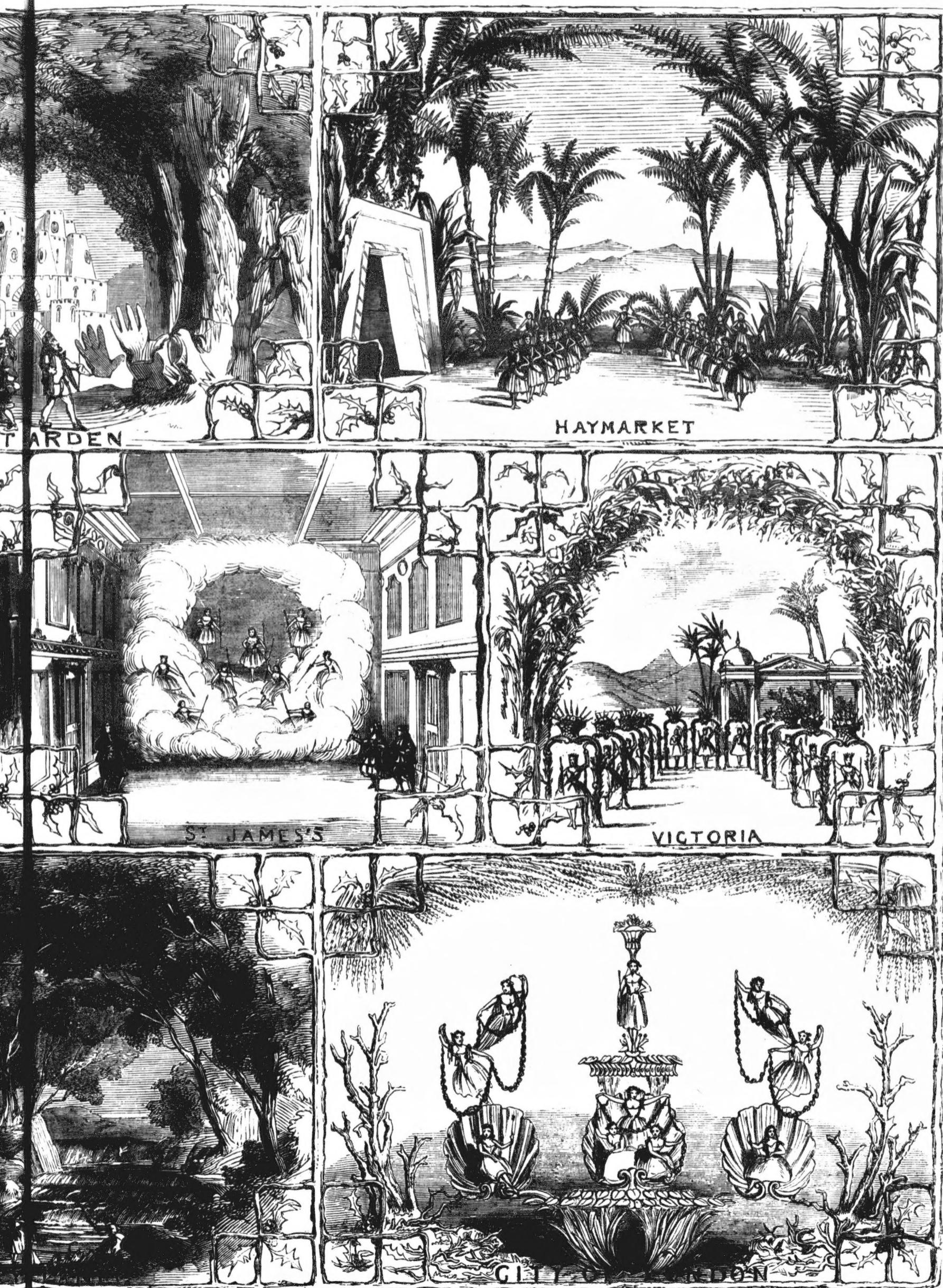
The Havannah correspondent of a New York journal, writing on the 6th instant, relates the following amusing anecdote:—"You know we have Madame Medori, once—alas! that we cannot always be young—a star, with few equals in Europe. Her name is well renouned yet, I will venture to say, in St. Peterburgh, in Paris, in Vienna, and in many an Italian city. She is not, of course, all that she has been; but in some respects she has lost none of those powers of conception and execution which have placed her name high above competitors. Her voice is very powerful, and she is perfect in managing it; but I think some of its sweetness is gone, and occasionally it strikes one as harsh. Then we have Madame Charlton, from the Opera Comique, a very pleasing artist in the lighter operas, and, in my poor judgment, a very fair *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, a role which many consider beyond her powers. By the way, I have an anecdote concerning these ladies which is quite fresh and spicy, known to a very few besides myself, and many will never hear it till they read this letter. It appears the latter one of the ladies above mentioned took it into her head that a great injury and injustice were being done her in giving her none but the light operas, when she thought herself capable of taking roles of a higher grade. Madame Medori declared she was perfectly indifferent, and the managers might do as they pleased. What passed between Madame Charlton and those gentlemen I do not know; but I am inclined to think the question was decided against the lady; for—now comes the fun of the thing—the French consul was appealed to, and he, with characteristic gallantry, undertook the defence of injured innocence, and wrote an official note—not a commonplace, every-day kind, but an official one—to the civil governor, Señor Mantilla, who has, *ex officio*, considerable power in matters of public amusement, complaining of the injustice done his fair countrywoman, declaring that as such he took her under his protection, and demanding that as such the governor should immediately compel the managers to yield to the reasonable request of Madame Charlton. The note has not been answered. Just think of a consul making such an affair the subject of an official correspondence."

SOME TRUTH IN IT.—I have always thanked God, says an old philosopher, that I was not born a woman, deeming her the bestower rather than the enjoyer of happiness—the flower-crowned sacrifice offered up to the human lord of the creation.

CAUTION TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.—A lady, residing in the neighbourhood of Stamford, left London by the five o'clock express one evening. Her fellow passengers, in a second-class carriage, were a well-dressed man and woman, whom she took for a newly-married couple. They were very polite in their demeanour, and on their journey the man offered the lady a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, which he produced from a travelling-bag. An overpowering odour proceeded from the pipe on its being opened, and the lady immediately became unconscious, in which state she remained until the arrival of the train at Peterborough, where she had to change carriages. Directly after the express had left the station on its northward journey she discovered, on being applied to for her railway ticket, that she had been robbed, not only of that, but of her purse and its contents. On entering the carriage she had placed the ticket in her purse in the presence of her fellow-passengers. The lady's idea is that the newspaper was saturated with chloroform, the scent of which was disguised with lavender. It should be mentioned that the train in question runs through London to Peterborough without stopping.



SCENES FROM THE PANTOMIMES. (See p



THE LOSS OF THE LIFEGUARD.

There is now some tidings of the Lifeguard, but we regret to state that they only confirm the certainty felt before that the worst had befallen her. The news to which we refer is contained in the *Shipping Gazette*, which says:—"The Lifeguard, steamer, which left the Tyne for London last Saturday, at noon, has not been heard of since. The Pioneer, steamer, reports seeing her on Saturday night, between Whitby and Flamborough Head—it was blowing a terrible gale from the N.W., and a tremendous sea running—and shortly lost sight of her. On Monday a box was picked up by the smack Ida, and taken into Bridlington. It was found to contain some poultry and Christmas presents, together with some letters written by parties in Newcastle. Mr. Anthony, the owner of the Ida, sent the letters to Newcastle, and this morning inquiries were made at Irongate Wharf by the parties to whom the box was addressed. They had been advised of its coming by the Lifeguard, but had heard that the letters which were in it had since been received by the parties in Newcastle. The box is not in the Lifeguard manifest, but it is quite certain it was on board—probably in one of the cabins. There were about thirty-five passengers in the ship; the crew numbered twenty-two hands." The box of poultry referred to was sent by Mrs. Rowse, of Ridley Villas, in whose seminary Miss Stephen, one of the passengers, was a governess, to a friend in London; and the letters accompanying the box led to the identity of the Lifeguard. The crew of the smack Ida found the box floating amongst some wreck, consisting of ship's furniture, &c.; and there is no doubt the Lifeguard had gone down in the vicinity. There are rumours to the effect that the vessel was overloaded, and that an inquiry into the cause of her loss will be instituted. There are other rumours, to the effect that the pilot refused to take her to sea in consequence of her being overloaded, and that the head engineer refused to go the voyage with her for the same cause. We need hardly say there is no truth whatever in these last-mentioned rumours.—*Newcastle Journal*.

Nothing further has been heard of this ill-fated vessel; and probably the manner of her loss will never, with anything like certainty, be known. Like many vessels before her, she has been swallowed up in the raging waves, and the only voice from the sea which has reached the public ear—and it is a melancholy indication of her fate—is the picking up of the box, to which reference was made in a previous issue. It might, indeed, have been washed off the deck by the seas which came on board, supposing it were placed there; but it is scarcely likely that it would be so exposed, and from its not being in the manifest, it must have been under the charge of some one on board—the mate we have heard—who would take care that it would be placed in a place of safety, and where it would not be exposed to the action of the weather. A most unthinking and cruel rumour was extensively circulated in Newcastle in the course of Saturday, and the originator of it richly merited severe punishment. It was stated that intelligence had been received by telegraph of the safety of the vessel. The rumour passed from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of lightning, and found credence with many. The relatives and friends of the sufferers on board the missing vessel indulged in renewed hopes, only to have them again miserably extinguished. We at once instituted inquiries, and ascertained beyond doubt that the mischievous report was baseless fabrication. Since the issue of the last report, a few more additional names have been received at this office. It was stated that two of the passengers were dragoons with Messrs. R. Stephenson; this appears not to have been the case—they were with Messrs. R. W. Hawthorn. It is feared that amongst the passengers were two brothers named Andrews, who were in business in London as wood type-cutters. The elder brother had been in the habit of travelling himself for orders, but on his last journey he brought his younger brother with him, to introduce him to the customers of the firm so that in future he might travel on behalf of the firm. They came by the train from Edinburgh for the purpose of taking the steamer to London on the Saturday. Those persons on whom they called in this town state that the brothers expressed their intention of going by the Lifeguard; if they did so, two more would be added to the names of those who perished. It was the intention of Mr. Fred Harley, the well-known comic singer, to have gone by the Lifeguard to London to spend his Christmas amongst his friends there, but Mr. Donald, of the Grainger Hotel, induced him to forego his resolution, or one more sufferer would have been added to the list of those who have perished.

Our Shields correspondent states that not a single passenger embarked on board the Lifeguard during her stoppage at Shields. It appears that on the afternoon of Saturday last five persons left the New Quay, North Shields, in smaller boats, with the intention of proceeding to London by the first steamer down from Newcastle. The first steamer which reached Shields was the Pioneer, on board of which they embarked. About half an hour afterwards, the Lifeguard reached Shields. After landing the pilot, Mr. Anthony Redhead, and about half-a-dozen other persons who had accompanied their friends thus far on the way, she proceeded on her voyage. James Hanwell, the bridgeman at the North Shields Ferry Station, with his wife and two children, are reported to be on board the Lifeguard. This, however, is not positively known to be the case. They left North Shields on Saturday morning, to go on board one of the London steamers at Newcastle, but with which vessel they sailed has not yet been ascertained. At the time Hanwell left North Shields, he said that it was his intention to go on board the Lifeguard. Public anxiety was greatly relieved on Sunday by a report that the mate of the brig Messenger, which vessel has arrived from London, had stated that they met the Ailsa Craig, East Indian, off the coast of Suffolk, on Wednesday. We believe that the report is correct. This fine new vessel sailed with the Lifeguard, and as there had been no intelligence of her, the public mind had become much disturbed concerning her. A correspondent writes to us that as regards the saloon passengers by the Lifeguard given in yesterday's paper, there is an error. The following were, it is said, pupils with Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, and are known to have left with that vessel:—Mr. Fred Moore, Marylebone-lane, London; Mr. Wm. Hawkins, Itynberg, Cape of Good Hope; Mr. Thos. Woolridge, Hungerford, Berks; Mr. Leonard Blanchard, Kensington-road, London.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

SHOCKING DEATH ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.—On Monday morning, Mr. William Payne, the City coroner, held an inquest at the New Pheasant Tavern, Bishopsgate, respecting the death of Daniel Harte, aged sixty-five, who was killed on Christmas-day, under the following melancholy circumstances:—Mrs. M. Neal, 4, Thompson's-place, Bishopsgate, said deceased enjoyed himself very much on Christmas-eve. He had but one leg, and was unsteady on his crutches. He sat up all night, and there was a great merrymaking. On Christmas forenoon witness was called by his wife and found him with his head bent under him in the coal cellar. He was covered with blood and quite dead. Mrs. Harte said that deceased drank a considerable quantity of neat rum. It was his custom to drink in the Christmas every year, and to make himself merry all through the night. He was deaf. Dr. R. Fowler, Bishopsgate-street, said that he was called in and found deceased covered with bruises. His chest and windpipe were compressed, and he died from consequent suffocation. No doubt his having but one leg had rendered him less able to recover from his heavy fall. The coroner remarked on the melancholy nature of the accident, and the jury returned a verdict of "Death from being accidentally suffocated."



PLANT early Mazagan beans, and early Warwick peas, in sheltered situations. Plant potatoes, early sorts, and get in the main crop if the weather is favourable. sow radishes on warm borders; also onions on south border, for salads and transplanting. Plant shallots and garlic in shallow drills, and Jerusalem artichokes, if wanted, in good soil. Finish the planting of fruit trees and shrubs, &c., as speedily as the weather will allow. Manure and dig over trench vacant ground, and drain, where necessary, three feet six inches, or four feet deep. Finish pruning apples, cherries, pears, plums, gooseberries, currants. Proceed with railing and training wall and espalier trees; use as few nails as possible. Prune and nail apricots, and mulch all newly planted trees. Proceed with pruning about flower borders and shrubberies, and railing shrubs upon walls. Dig flower borders, keep grass plots and gravel walks clean and neat. See that artichokes and other things are protected from frost; pea-haulm, or long stable dung, affords a good protection. Divide and plant herbaceous plants, if not already done, and attend to neatness everywhere.

LORD DARTMOUTH ON POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Saturday night last the Earl of Dartmouth presided at the weekly popular concert, held in the Corn Exchange, Wolverhampton, which was on this occasion filled to overflowing. The entertainment passed off with great success. At its conclusion his lordship, who on coming forward was received with cheers, said—Ladies and gentlemen, as I am informed that it is customary for the president on these occasions to address a few words to the audience before the performances of the evening are concluded, it becomes my duty to congratulate the promoters of the Saturday evening concerts upon the success of this evening and in the next place to tender, without one dissentient the sincere thanks of all of us to those amateurs, and especially the fairer portion of them, who have taken part in the performance—to those who have not kept to themselves those talents which they have cultivated with such signal success, who have not kept them for display in the family circle merely, but have contributed in the most successful manner to the enjoyment of so many friends and neighbours. In the present day I feel that there can be no danger, whatever one's calling or position in life may be, in attempting to acquire refinement; because in this our country, with the manliness of our character, there is no danger of refinement ever degenerating into effeminacy. (Applause.) On the contrary, I cannot but think that the cultivation of the refined arts of life will not only make our homes happier, but will also prepare the mind and character for the reception of higher teaching. We this evening may congratulate ourselves that no one of us will be the worse for having met here. I feel that it is an opportunity of which I, living in the country, am very glad to avail myself for meeting my neighbours in town. For these meetings, which bring classes and neighbours, town and country together, in this domestic, home-loving country of England, are rare. When they do occur let us make the most of them; let us endeavour to understand and appreciate each other more, and I am convinced that that appreciation will lead to many happy new years, which I trust that you will enjoy. I beg further to tender to those assembled here the sincere thanks of the promoters and of the orchestra for the support and encouragement they have rendered by the movement. (Applause.)

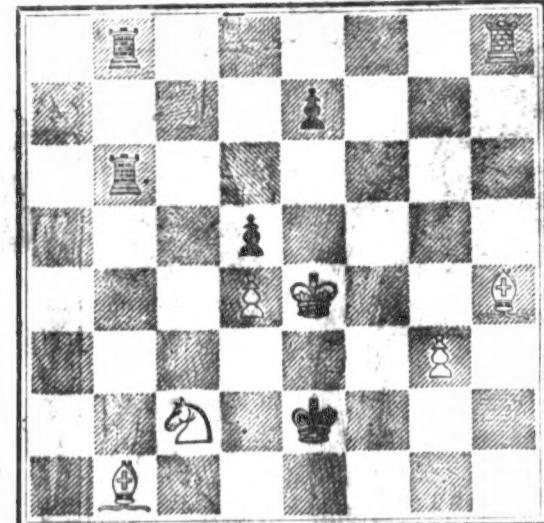
A ROW IN A THEATRE.

THEatre is always extraordinary excitement in the Theatre Royal, Dublin on "Boxing-night" to witness the first performance of the pantomime. This year the throng was unprecedented. The subject of the pantomime is "Cinderella." No sooner had the curtain risen on the first scene than the whole densely packed house, from pit to gallery, broke into one wild chorus of applause. Mr. Harris, the manager of the theatre, Mr. Carven, the artist, Mr. Granby, the stage manager, Mr. Levey, the composer and conductor of the music—all were successively called out by the "gods" to receive their rapturous applause,—the tenants of the boxes and of the pit warmly concuring in the well-merited ovation. The gorgeous scenery and the admirable acting continued to make every moment a more and more favourable impression, till a clever transformation revealed a trophy of flags—"Union-Jacks," surmounted by a small green flag, with the harp of Erin in the centre. Immediately a crowd of "tars" were seen aloft waving the British flag, but no green flag this time was to be seen. This threw the Nationalists into the most violent paroxysm on record. The Nation thus describes the scene:—"A perfect roar of anger burst from the audience, and it was impossible to hear even the orchestra with the hurricane of hissing that arose. Cries for 'The green flag, the green flag,' 'The green flag out, the green flag out,' were all the articulate sounds of any kind that could be distinguished amid the din. This continued for some time, the 'clown' and 'pantaloons' doing their utmost to lay down the disapprobation by perseverance. The 'house' was wroth and would not be appeased, save by the green flag, which, with lungs that seemed miraculously enduring, they kept untiringly demanding. In this manner the performance was 'galloped' over rapidly to the end, apparently abbreviated to the utmost, hoping that the grand tableaux at the *finale*—a really magnificent spectacle—would cause the 'little unpleasantness' to vanish, and all to end, like the fairy tale itself, happily. But even this calculation was doomed to disappointment, and the curtain fell amid hissing as loud as ever, and cries as vehement for the green flag."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The New York papers of the 17th ult. publish the following:—"We, the undersigned, having carefully examined the steamer Great Eastern—including her repairs, which have been done in a scientific and workmanlike manner—are of opinion that she is in every way seaworthy, and in condition to carry passengers with safety and comfort, and a full cargo of any description to any part of the world. The accident and subsequent occurrences have fully demonstrated the great value and safety of a double bottom. We further certify that, having examined into the circumstances connected with the accident to the steamer off Montauk Point, we are of opinion that no blame can be attached to Captain Paton, who, from the cross bearings of the different lights, knew the exact position of the vessel when she struck a submerged rock, not laid down in any chart, though in the fair-way channel. Robert Mackie, Lloyd's Agent; Wm. H. Burleigh, President Board of Port Wardens; E. B. Seaman, Port Warden; Wm. G. Thompson, Vice-President Neptune Insurance Company; Erastus W. Smith, Engineer; Benjamin Hitchman, Port Warden; John M. Marks, United States Inspector of Hulls; Charles H. Haswell, Surveying Officer, Board of Underwriters."

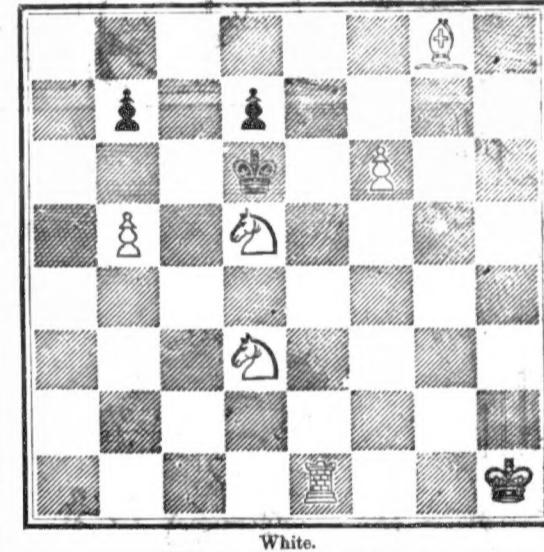
Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 82.—By J. WILSON.
Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 83.—By W. HINCHCLIFFE.
(For Beginners.)
Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 79.
White.

1. Q to K R square (ch)
2. Q to K 4 (ch)
3. R, Kt, or Q mates

Solutions of Problem No. 78, by J. P. W., F. Carr, W. G., Bets, C. W. B. (Kew-green), J. Pilcher, Cantab, F. Brett, J. Palmer, W. T. Chadwick, C. Deane, T. Fox, R. Grey, F. Hunter, R. W. Brown, B. Field, E. Hughes, E. S., D. Morgan, A. Clay, J. Home, J. H. Rose, E. Baxter, E. Betes, G. Foster, E. A., T. Steele, and a Brixtonian—correct.

The Court,

The Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Louis and Princess Helena, received the Sacrament of the Holy Communion on Sunday morning at Whippingham Church, which was administered by the Rev. G. Prothero. The Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, attended the morning service.

Preparations for the approaching wedding of the Prince of Wales have already commenced in the state apartments of Windsor Castle and the Chapel Royal of St. George. All the state apartments will be newly decorated, consequently it is expected they will not be opened to the public until after the wedding. In St. George's Chapel workmen are engaged in erecting nine rows of temporary seats between the pillars on each side of the aisles, for the accommodation of those fortunate enough to obtain tickets for the church. A large space of ground at the west end of the chapel will also be enclosed and fitted up for the accommodation of the visitors attending the ceremony.—*Court Journal*.

When her Majesty left Windsor on Saturday last, among the Royal luggage were three boxes belonging to the Baroness Buxton and Lady Augusta Bruce, who were in attendance on the Queen and the Princess of Hesse. On arriving at Osborne it was discovered that these packages were missing, and although a messenger was immediately despatched to Windsor he was unable to trace the missing luggage. The Prince of Wales lost six packages on his journey home from Marseilles.—*Court Journal*.

NOT SO PUSHING.—An American paper states that those who go round with the contribution-box in Californian churches plead and argue the case in the pews as they go along. The following dialogue, it is said, took place between one of those gentlemen and an honest-looking miner. Parson L.—extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" asked he. "Yes, good enough; but I am not able to give anything," answered Bill. "Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give me a better reason than that."—"Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know."—"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."—"That's true, Parson, but he ain't pushing me like he rest of my creditors!" The argument was conclusive.

Fab and Police.

POLICE COURTS. GUILDFHALL.

CASE OF ROBBERY.—On Monday, George Bates, a porter, lately in the employ of Mr. Newcombe, of the London School of Photography, 103 Newgate-street, was placed at the bar before Alteman Humphrey, charged with breaking open his master's cash-box, and stealing therefrom £10. Inspector Wilson, of the C division, said the prisoner surrendered himself at the Vine-street police station, and, after receiving the usual evasions, was told that the charge against him was for robbing his employer £10. He then stated that he broke open the cash-box, and took away the money, but that while proceeding to Bristol he was robbed of the latter portion of it. He also said he had twice contemplated suicide, but that he did not muster up courage enough to destroy himself. William H. Ingleton, the manager of Mr. Newcombe's establishment, at 103, Newgate-street, said the prisoner had been in their employ twelve months—first as porter and afterwards as assistant in preparing the materials for the use of the artist. His wife was also housekeeper in the same establishment. I lived with the prisoner on the premises. On the night of the 21st of November he put £150 into the cash-box, and placed the key on the top of the safe, and when he arrived on the following morning he discovered that £157 19s. 4d. in gold and silver was gone, but that a large amount in notes, cheques, and postage-stamps had been left behind. The cash-box had been forced, and, as the prisoner absconded very suddenly on that day, suspicion fell upon him. The prisoner, who admitted his guilt, was remanded.

BOW STREET.

THEFT OF CARPET FROM DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Charles Gray, a young carpenter and upholsterer, was charged with stealing a number of pieces of carpet from Drury Lane Theatre. Edward Hamilton, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, said: This morning, at about half-past seven o'clock, I was on duty at the theatre, and saw a man come along with the bundle of carpet now produced. The pieces were outside. He passed out at the hall-door, and I followed him, and stopped him. I asked him if he had any place for it. He said it was the rule of the trade that the person who cut the carpets took the little pieces, and then sent them to those to whom they belonged to him. As strict orders have been given that no one should be allowed to carry anything out of the theatre without a written order, I detained him till Mr. Lyons came and gave him £1 in cash. At the station house the parcel was opened, and several pieces were found inside, but the bundle had been folded so much in manner that they were concealed by the small pieces outside. Mr. Lyons, of 12, Bonner Buildings, Temple-bar, deposited: I furnish carpets to Drury Lane Theatre. The prisoner is in my employment, and was at work here on Saturday. The pieces now produced are my property, and are worth £10. He had no right to remove them. He had told him that nothing was to be removed after it had once been taken into the theatre. Since then, however, he has asked me not to press the charge if he will do £10. I am not disposed to press it so severely if he does so. The court will in due course enter into any arrangement, but he would remind the prisoner for a week on his own recognisances, and whatever took place in the meantime might then be reported to him.

WESTMINSTER.

DISCOURSES AGAINST.—Mr. Charles Little, of No. 11, Brewer-street, Finsbury-road, Clerkenwell, appeared to a summons to show cause why he should not contribute towards the maintenance of an illegitimate child. M. Davis, solicitor, presented; Mr. Thomas, barrister, instructed by Mr. Whinney, defended. Mr. Davis said he was sure the magistrate would admit that within his long experience he had never met with a more pitiful, cruel, disgraceful, or disreputable case than the present. The defendant, who stood before him, was at the advanced age of sixty-three, who in the complainant, a more child in appearance and years, was not yet fifteen. Two years ago, and three weeks after the death of his wife, defendant had commenced taking liberties with this unhappy child, and this had entreated to induce her to come to this court and commit herself by fastening the paternity of his offspring upon another person. She had persuaded her, when she found she was pregnant, to have intercourse with others, and had induced her to do so by a threat that he would kill her, if she did not. Added to the ruin he had brought upon her, he had infected her with a loathsome malady, under which she had been labouring. The complainant's father was the minister of the Evangelical Society, and he (Mr. Davis) believed that defendant held a position among that sect. Emma Wheeler, a diminutive and ugly-looking girl, said that her father had resided in defendant's house in improper intimacy as described by Mr. Davis, first at a place when she was about thirteen years of age, and continued till within three months of the 17th of last August, when she was delivered of a child. In Christmas week, 1861, he told her to go with some boys. Defendant gave her a sovereign in her confinement, and said it was for the doctor. He visited her during that period, and laughed and played with the child. He said Leonard, one of the boys, was the father of the child; it was exactly like him. In cross-examination by Mr. Thomas, complainant said her father kept a school for boys, where she first became acquainted with Leonard. Defendant had told her it was very bad conduct to be intimate with him. Told her father so because he thought so at the time. In re-examination by Mr. Davis, complainant said that she had no intimacy with any one but defendant until after she was in the family-way, and then by his direction. Mrs. Harriet Buckley, who nursed complainant in her confinement, four days after which she allowed defendant to enter the room to see her, said that he took particular notice of the infant. Witness said: "It is like you, it is the very picture." Witness felt confident it was his child because defendant had given up his bed and bed-room for her. He was confined in, and had a bed made up for himself in the kitchen, and did not think anybody would do that for a girl to be confined with. Her heart's end. He came and saw her nearly every day, and brought tea and mutton chops. In cross-examination, witness said she was quite satisfied at the idea of an elderly man like defendant having anything to do with one like complainant, and repeated her conviction that he would not have given up his bed and bed-room if he had not considered he was the father of the child. Mr. Paynter asked whether Mr. Thomas thought he could wish such testimony. Mr. Thomas intimated that he had a good defence, and evidence to call. The case was adjourned.

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.—George Foster and Arthur Jervis, two boys, were charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves. Mr. Paynter, on looking at the defendants, said: What are these boys charged with being drunk? Inspector Butler: Yes, sir, they are. Mr. Paynter: What are their ages? Inspector Butler: Foster is sixteen years of age, Jervis only twelve. Mr. Paynter: It is really shocking where they must be intoxicated? Inspector Butler: They were found lying in the Kensington-road at eight o'clock on the Friday evening, so thoroughly intoxicated that it was necessary to carry them to the station-house on the stretcher. Mr. Paynter: How came you boys to get in this shocking state? Defendants: Christmas boxes. Mr. Paynter: Christmas boxes? Defendants: Yes; The money we had given us. Inspector Butler: Jervis was insensible for many hours after he was brought to the station-house. Mr. Paynter (to the boys): Who made you drunk? Defendants: Nobody; We did it ourselves. Both boys at this laughed: Mr. Paynter: It is nothing to laugh at, and I am very sorry to find that you do not feel concern, regret at your misconduct. It is a most melancholy thing to find boys of such ages upon such a charge before me. It is a most unpromising beginning in life, and it is difficult to say what may be its end. I wish I had it in my power to punish those who supplied you with liquor until you get into this shocking state. They were fined 5s. each, and locked up in default.

AS I WELCOME VISITORS.—Emily Ellis, a good looking young woman, was charged with owing and snatching Mr. Henry Morgan, of 11, George-street, Pinakie, jeweller, and soliciting arms of him. The complainant said that the defendant came to him on Saturday at his place of business, and waited outside his shop. When he left she followed him, and she insisted upon doing so he gave her into custody. Mr. Arnold said he was charged with soliciting arms. Complainant stated that she received money of him; at least, she said she would not leave him till she had something. In cross-examination by Mr. Smyth complainant said: That an improper intimacy had existed four or five years ago between himself and the defendant. He denied that he had ever promised to marry defendant and had put a ring upon her finger in the presence of a third person. He had promised and had given her money. A letter was produced, written by complainant to defendant about twelve months ago, in which he stated that he was aware she had no friends, and that if she would suggest any reasonable way in which he could be of service he would assist her. The complainant said he had given her money at the beginning of this year. Mr. Arnold observed that there was no pretence for charging her with soliciting arms, and discharged her.

CLERKENWELL.

A BUREAU OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE AND ITS RESULTS.—Mark Cunningham, a labourer, of 28, White Horse-alley, was summoned before Mr. Dugdale, constable in charge of Bridget Morgan, of 10, New-court, Peter-street, to show cause why he should not contribute towards the support of

her illegitimate child, of which she alleged him to be the father. The defendant, in answer to Mr. D'Encourt, said he knew the child was his, but he thought the complainant was as much to blame as he was. The complainant a shrewly-dressed young woman, with a bouncing baby in her arms, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, said she was a single woman, but that was not the fault of the defendant, for she was now ready to have him. (A laugh.) He was the father of her child, which was born on the 8th of October last. She had known him a great many years; in fact, they used to play together as children. He had promised her marriage, but when he did so he did not exactly believe him. He had not paid any money towards the support of her child. The defendant said he could not afford to pay so much, as he was a poor man. He was still single, and did not know what might happen. (A laugh.) Mr. D'Encourt made an order for the full amount—viz., 2s. 6d. per week, and the costs, remarking that though it was the full amount it would fall short of what it would cost to keep the child.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE FIRE IN PORTLAND-STREET—RESISTING THE POLICE.—Wm. Henry Jennings, furniture dealer, of 2, Hollen-street, Soho, was charged before Mr. Knox, by Inspector Draper, with resisting Police-sergeant Allen, 20 A, at a house on fire in Portland-street, Soho, the previous night. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, defended; and Mr. Staples, Freeman of the C division, attended to watch the case on the part of the London Fire Establishment. Sergeant Allen, 20 C, said: On the previous night I was at a fire, at 6, Portland-street, and saw prisoner trying to pull down the shop shutters. I told him the danger he was likely to cause. As he refused to go I threw him into the carriage-road, and then burst open the door with my foot. Seven or eight of the inmates then rushed out of the passage where there was no fire. I then went up and brought down two persons, and then entered the house again, and from the first floor brought down a second. While at the door with the child, I saw the prisoner spring the bar, and two shutters fell—the fire at that time being principally confined to the shop. In consequence of the draught caused, the fire went right through the house. Mr. Lewis: I am sure every one must admit that great credit is due to the sergeant for his conduct throughout. On behalf of the prisoner, all I can say is, that he has assisted at a great many fires, and that all he did was to attempt to gain an entrance, that he might be of assistance. Mr. Knox: I am prepared to take that view of the case, and to believe that the prisoner was actuated by good intentions, and that in acting as he thought for the best, he has borne a large share in causing the death of those unfortunate children. Any person who opposes the authorities, whether the police or the military, in the execution of their duty, does a most improper thing, however good their intentions may be, and I should not be doing my duty if I did not mark my sense of the prisoner's conduct. The real punishment, however, to him must be the regret he will feel to his death in that in what he did he was largely concerned in the death of those persons. Mr. Knox then fined the prisoner £5 or one month, for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty, and then said: Mr. Draper, I should very much like the sergeant's conduct to be represented to the commissioners of police. It is beyond all praise. It is more like the heroism of a soldier on the field of battle. He risked his life for others, and no one who heard the feeling manner in which he had delivered his evidence could fail to admire it.

ROBBERY BY A SOLDIER.—Walter Sharples, a private in the Coldstream Guards, was charged with robbing Lieutenant Brabazon Hallows, of No. 23 Stepney-green, of his breast-pin. It appeared that the prosecutor met with the prisoner and another soldier in the Haymarket, and took them into the Black Horse and treated them. The prisoner put his arm round prosecutor's neck and took away his pin, but was seen and seized by William Ballard, a young man employed at the public-house. The prisoner said he had thrown the pin away, and pleaded "Guilty." Mr. Tyrrell said he could not understand how a gentleman in Lieutenant Hallows' position could consort with common soldiers in the way described. He should commit the prisoner to hard labour for two months.

THAMES.

A FEVER DISEASE.—Joseph Williams, a native of Chili, and seamen's boarding-house keeper, who has been frequently convicted by the magistrates of this court for assaults and detaining sailors' effects, appeared before Mr. Selfe upon an adjourned summons taken out by Mr. Joseph Price, one of the inspectors appointed to carry out the provisions of the Common Lodging-house Act, and which summons charged the defendant with keeping a non-registered lodging-house. It appeared that the prisoner had lately taken possession of a large and commodious boarding-house for foreign seamen kept for many years by John Seymour, a respectable man, a Greek. In Seymour's time, the house was properly registered and licensed to receive twenty-nine persons only. On the 8th instant, Seymour gave up possession of the house to defendant, abandoned the registration, and removed all his furniture. On the night of the 10th inst., Inspector Price, accompanied by Sergeant Cutbush, 48 A, visited the house, which had undergone a complete transformation since Seymour left it. Instead of twenty-nine lodgers, the number for which it was formerly licensed, there were forty-nine Peruvian soldiers in the building, in seven rooms. A majority of them were lying on the floor without bed and bedding. The house was in a filthy condition, and the whole of the Peruvians were suffering from cold, fever, rheumatism, and other diseases. Seymour was in the first instance summoned, and he shifted the responsibility to the defendant. Williams now wanted to make out that the commander of the Peruvian man-of-war Arica, now lying in the West India Dock, under whose orders he was acting, ought to have been proceeded against. It was proved that a man named Davis, who was directly hired by Williams, cooked for the Peruvians. Mr. Selfe said he had nothing to do with Seymour or the commander of the Peruvian vessel, and he would not be hoodwinked and allow the law to be evaded with impunity. There was no doubt the defendant was really and substantially the landlord of the house, and had the control of it. The Peruvian soldiers were lodged in filthy rooms, and two thirds of them had no beds or bedding, or anything to cover them. It was no wonder the men were ill, and that so many of them were stricken with fever and colds. Inspector Price: All the soldiers are in a wretched condition, and many are very ill. Mr. Selfe fined the defendant £3 and costs. Williams: I will pay the penalty, and appeal to the House of Lords against the decision. (Laughter.)

MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.—A gentlemanly young man, about twenty-one years of age, came before Mr. Woolrych, and said that he wished to be married, but was prevented doing so by mistake. He gave directions for the publication of the banns at St. Thomas's Church, Stepney, adjoining the Thames Police-court, and the surname was omitted by the man who received the notice, and he was informed that the marriage could not take place till the banns were properly published three times on three successive Sundays. The marriage could not be postponed. (A laugh.) He must procure a license. He was anxious to know from the magistrate if he could give him redress. Mr. Woolrych: I am afraid not. The applicant: I think the person who made the mistake ought to pay for the license. Mr. Woolrych: I cannot compel him to do so. Did you pay anything for the publication of the banns of marriage? The applicant: Yes, sir; two shillings. Mr. Woolrych: You can recover that in the county court, no doubt. Who is the person who made the mistake? The applicant: A tradesman in the Commercial-road. He has a notice in his window, "Notice of publication of banns at St. Thomas's Church received here." Mr. Woolrych: I am afraid I cannot assist you. I can only express my regret that your matrimonial troubles have commenced so early.

A FALAK HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Monday, Anna Crawley was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with assaulting John Mackenzie, a coal-whipper, and stealing from his person a purse containing four sovereigns and 7d. On the previous Saturday night the prosecutor, an industrious and frugal man, dwelling in George-court, Ratcliff, was on his way home, when he was accosted by the prisoner in a secluded place, called "Shadwell Gap," and she made some overtures to him which he rejected, and begged of her to leave him alone. She clung to him for a short time, and he shook her off. She then struck him a violent blow on the face with her fist. While he was staggering from the effects of this blow, she fell upon him and threw him down on the ground, and fell on the top of him. She immediately seized him by the throat with one hand, and with the other possessed herself of his purse containing £4 0s. 7d. By a violent effort the prosecutor disengaged himself from the prisoner's grasp, and shouted lustily for the police. A police-constable named Charles Stoner, 313 X, who was close by, hastened to the spot, and saw the prisoner and her victim engaged in a terrible struggle on the ground, and rolling over each other. He separated them immediately, and Mackenzie charged her with assaulting him and robbing him of his purse and money. At that moment the constable heard some money drop close to the prisoner, and recovered the prosecutor's purse with £4 0s. 7d. in it. The prisoner made a desperate resistance, and fought like a pugilist. She was overpowered, and lodged in the station-house. The prisoner endeavoured to make it appear that the prosecutor was drunk, and that she was taking care of him and his money; but the facts of the case were too strong to admit of such an interpretation. Isaac Rawsey, a police-constable, 485 K, was called to prove former convictions against the prisoner for felony. He said he was present at the Clerkenwell Sessions when she was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment and hard labour for a highway robbery attended with violence. A former conviction for felony was then proved against her. She was the most dangerous and desperate thief in the district. The prisoner, after hearing the depositions read by Mr. Bowler, the second clerk, said she was guilty, and asked the magistrate to dispose of the case summarily.

Mr. Woolrych: Indeed I shall do no such thing. I shall commit you for trial. The Prisoner (entertainingly): Pray do, Mr. Woolrych, settle it here. Cannot you have the case decided at once? Mr. Woolrych: No, no. You will go before a jury, and if you are found guilty you will be adequately punished for this most atrocious outrage and robbery. The Prisoner: Give me six months at once. Do not send me away. The man knows he was tipsy. Mr. Woolrych: I shall commit you for trial at the Old Bailey Sessions. The prisoner, on leaving the court, bade farewell to some of her companions at the back of the court, and said, "I shall be lagged (transported) for this."

SOUTHWAKE.

A FORTUNATE HOUSEBREAKER.—William Smith, a smart-looking young fellow, was brought up for final examination, charged with breaking into and entering the dwelling-house of John Eder, boot and shoe manufacturer Redcross-street, Southwark. It appeared from the evidence of police-constable 54 M, that one morning, between one and two o'clock, he was trying the house doors in Redcross-street, as usual, and when he came to the prosecutor's, he found it partially open. He entered carefully, and put his light on to see what was the matter, but unfortunately it went out, and he was unable to look about him. However, feeling confident that thieves were in the place, he quietly left the shop, and concealed himself in a door near, hoping either to see another constable or catch the thieves. He had not been concealed there hardly a moment before he saw the prisoner rush out of the house and bolt up Redcross-street. He pursued him, and caught him near the Mint, when they had a fearful struggle, and both fell on the ground. He, however, overpowered him, and took him to the station-house, and charged him with burglary. He afterwards returned to the prosecutor's house, and roused up the inmates, when he found that the prisoner had gained an entrance by scaling the wall at the rear, and forcing open the back kitchen window. It was evident that the prisoner had not been in the house many minutes, as none of the prosecutor's property appeared to be disturbed. In answer to his worship, the constable replied that he had made inquiries about the prisoner, but he was not known to the authorities. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," and the magistrate sentenced him to three months' hard labour. (Laughter.)

CRIMES OF GARNETT.—John Ainsworth and Emily Hart, described on the charge-sheet as co-partners, were placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham charged with robbing Jane Sherwood, and robbing her of two half-crowns and a pair of gold ear-rings. Mr. Bruin appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edwin for the prisoners. The prosecutrix, a young woman of twenty-five, said that her husband was a general dealer, and resided at No. 24, Delf-street, Kent-street. Her sister resided at No. 14, in the same street. On the previous Friday evening the witness and her husband went there on a visit. She left the house about eleven o'clock to proceed home, and passing a small court the male prisoner rushed out upon her, seized her by the throat, and threw her back into the gutter. The woman then came up and knelt upon her side, while two half-crowns were taken from her and her ear-rings were stolen. She was nearly strangled by the man, but she managed to raise an alarm, when her brother came to her assistance, rescued her, and carried her to her mother's house. She was so much injured that she was compelled to keep her bed all Saturday and Sunday. The woman was given into custody on Saturday night, and the man on Monday morning, when at the police-court. There was a fight in the neighbourhood, but she took no part in it. When her brother and others came to her assistance they pulled the man off, but nobody gave him into custody, and he never attempted to set away. The husband, brother-in-law, and sister of the prosecutrix confirmed her evidence. Mr. Edwin, on behalf of the prisoners, contended that no robbery was committed. It was nothing more than a kind of fracas fight, which had been going on all the evening. He called several witnesses, who contradicted the testimony of the prosecutrix and her relatives. Mr. Burcham said he could not believe a word that the latter had sworn to. It was absurd to make such a charge against the prisoners. It was clearly a fight, in which the prosecutrix had got the worst of it. He therefore discharged the prisoners.

LAMBETH.

SAILORS OR SNORF.—Amongst the numerous charges for drunkenness brought before the magistrate was one against John Dery, a fine young fellow, who appeared to be the perfect type of a sailor. According to the testimony of a constable, he found the prisoner at half-past twelve o'clock in the morning quibbling with a cabman in the Lower Marsh, and for personal safety he took him to the station-house. Mr. Norton: What have you got to say for getting so drunk? Prisoner: Well, your honour, I only returned on Christmas-eve, in the *Arragon*, from a long voyage on the coast of Africa, and I went to Somerset House to receive my wages. On returning home I fell ill with some shipmate, and that was the way I got too much. And lost your money, I fear, for you could not be drunk in a worse part of the metropolis with money than the New Cut—I haven't lost anything your honour, and only spent a sovereign. The police has the rest, £1. I am very glad of it. Now what do you propose doing with the £1?—Why spend it, and go to sea and earn more. (Laughter.) Don't you think you could do much better with it than spending it in a short time. Have you a father or mother living?—Yes, sir; both. Don't you think you would do much better by giving them a part of this money, at least, than spending it foolishly?—Your honour is quite right. I will do so and become a totsellor while on shore. (Laughter.) Mr. Norton: Well, I hope you will keep your promise so far as your father and mother are concerned; and you are now discharged. Prisoner: Thank yer honour. I'll certainly keep my promise, as yer worship wishes it. Jack here blushed his trousers and hurried out of court.

TWO WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.—Louisa Tucker, a slovenly dressed young woman, was charged before Mr. Elliott with unlawfully pawnng several articles, the property of Martha Ballico. The complainant said the prisoner occupied a furnished lodging in her house, and on Saturday evening she (witness) discovered that a sheet and blanket were missing from the bed, and she (witness) subsequently received from the prisoner the duplicates of the property stolen. The witness added that the prisoner had duly been married, fortnight, and her husband was then in court. The prisoner, in reply to the charge, said that her husband had been out of employment since their marriage, and she had not taken the things with a felonious intention of stealing them, but merely for the purpose of providing them with necessities, and she intended to take them out of pledge and restore them. The landlady said she much feared the money was not spent in absolute necessities, but in something else. The prisoner's husband was here called, and said that there were some friends of his in attendance who would undertake to take the complainant's goods out of pawn, if his worship permitted it, and he was sorry that it had occurred. Mr. Elliott remanded the prisoner to the following day to allow the arrangement with the landlady to be carried out.

HAMMERSMITH.

STRANGE REVELATIONS.—Fanny Clark, a middle-aged woman, who had a very decent appearance, was placed in the dock before Mr. Ingham, charged with robbing her mistress, Mrs. Elizabeth Blacker, of No. 1, George-street, St. Peter-square, Hammersmith. From the evidence of the prosecutrix it appeared that the prisoner was employed by her as chamberwoman. On Christmas-day she put her purse, containing about £10, in silver, in a clothes-basket in her room, and on the following day she missed all the money. She suspected the prisoner on account of her entering her room in the morning while she was asleep in bed. She searched the prosecutrix as she was leaving the room. She called to her, and said, "Clark, have you brought the breakfast?" and she answered, "Oh, dear; the fire is not lit yet." The prisoner brought up her breakfast at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and it was after that time that the prosecutor's purse was empty. There was no other person in the room, except the prosecutrix's mother, who was upon a visit to the house. In reply to Mr. Martin, who defended the prisoner, the prosecutrix stated that she had lost an earring, which was afterwards found. Mr. Martin: But a woman of the name of Sir John sleep with you on that night? Witness (indignantly): I shall not answer you. Mr. Martin: Was the gentleman in the parlour when the prisoner assured you to do? Witness: I will not answer you. If my actions are so bad, why did she live with me for two months? If she found me an improper person, and I am not—I am the wife of a merchant in Calcutta—why did she stay with me? He called upon me to take me out to dinner. I was never in a court before. It is not the question, sir. Mr. Ingham (to Mr. Martin): Before you persevere in your cross-examination, how do you make it relevant? Mr. Paynter: I wish to show that she made a mistake. She missed her earring, and while she was accusing the prisoner of taking it the gentleman called out that he had picked it off the floor. Mr. Martin then cross-examined the prosecutrix as to the entertainment she provided on the Christmas-day. She refused to answer impertinent questions. She said, however, that they were all sober, but she admitted having fainted on Christmas-night. Mary Ann Morgan said the prosecutrix was her niece, and she went to visit her on Christmas-day. She stated that they enjoyed themselves on the Christmas-day, and kept it up till between three and four o'clock in the morning, singing and drinking brandy and water and sherry. They were all sober. At the request of Mr. Martin, Mary Shaw, the prisoner's sister, was examined. She stated that she was in the service of a captain Snell, in Black Lion-lane, Hammersmith. About eleven o'clock on Christmas-night the prisoner came to her, and said that her mistress, her mother, and she were all drunk. Witness returned home with her, and found the three ladies all intoxicated. Mrs. Blacker could not stand. The prosecutrix here exclaimed that it was fine. Mr. Ingham said he was not astonished to hear that the whole party were drunk. He must discharge the prisoner.

SHAD FISHING IN THE RHINE.

SHAD fishing takes place in the month of May. It is at this time that the shad, a sea fish, ascends the rivers.

The shad which one sees at Paris comes in great part from the Loire on account of the facility of transport. The Seine, whose waters are far from pure, only contains a very few. The Rhine, on the contrary, which swarms with fish of every kind, contains a great number of shad; but on account of the distance, none is sent to Paris.

The carp of the Rhine is conveyed a hundred leagues by railroad, and arrives living at the end of the journey. This object is attained by putting a little bread crumb dipped in wine in the mouth of the fish. The shad begins to decay the moment it dies.

One of the most important shad fisheries on the Rhine is that which our engraving represents. It is at Auenheim, two leagues from Strasburgh, on the frontiers of Baden. This village is entirely composed of fishermen and of gold-seekers. Sixty-three master fishermen possess among them the numerous islands which the Kinsech flows round before throwing itself into the Rhine.

The rapidity of the current of this river does not permit the fish to remain in it, or renders catching the shad difficult. But the shad takes refuge in little creeks and branches of the Kinsech which are transformed into snare of every kind, and from which the fish cannot get out except to take its way to the Strasburgh market.

Nothing can be more picturesque than this village and its neighbourhood. Auenheim is built on the banks of the Kinsech, and very near to the Rhine. On every side one sees nets drying in the sun, beside the tents raised to shelter the fishermen. From morning till evening the boats are going forth and returning. Men, women, and children all take part in the work, and toil so much the more gaily that the occupation is a tolerably profitable one.

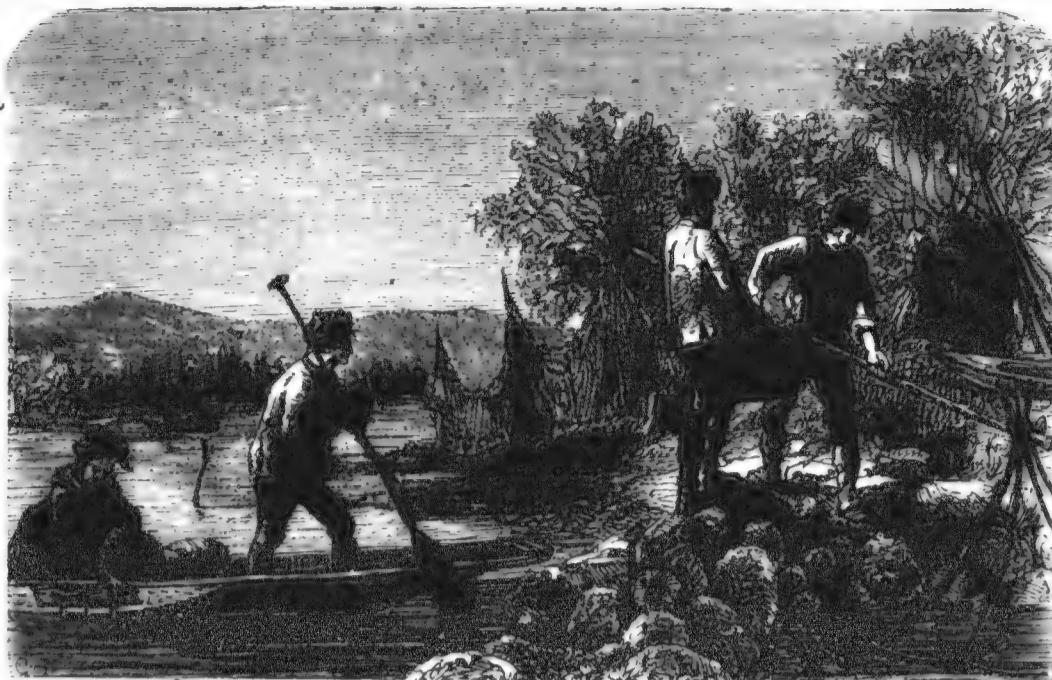
The shad is caught principally in the evening. Every boat has a crew of six men. Four of them remain on the bank and draw the net, while the two others in the boat have thrown a hundred paces off. Then the boat going off to some distance the fishermen strike the water with their oars, to drive the fish toward the snare.

In good years, from ten to fifteen are taken at a throw of the net.

The shad, taken from the net, is immediately put into reservoirs. These are dug in the bank, and separated from the current by large stones. This allows the fish to be kept alive till the Friday morning, the market-day at Strasburgh.

From the earliest hour in the morning the fishermen are busy emptying the reservoirs. To each side of the boat is fixed a sort of little boat with holes in the bottom, whereby the water in which the fish floats is continually renewed. The fleet of boats then sets out, traversing the Rhine and passing by Robertsau to reach Strasburgh.

On Fridays great animation reigns at Strasburgh. The town swarms with numerous vehicles in which the peasants are conveying provisions to market. All the costumes, so varied and so rich, of Alsace, are represented there. In the fish-market the Baden costume is chiefly conspicuous. The market-place is situated close to the bank of the river. The fish are well placed in large flat vessels, well protected by old plane-trees from the sun. Behind rises majestically the most beautiful cathedral in the world. Having refreshed themselves with copious libations the fishermen return home.



SHAD FISHING IN THE MORNING.

THE LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

The *Times* correspondent at Richmond supplies that journal with the following interesting matter:—

"General Lee is, I believe, between fifty and sixty years of age, but wears his years well, and strikes you as the incarnation of health and endurance, as he rears his erect soldierlike form from his seat by the fireside to greet courteously the stranger. His manner is calm and stately, his presence impressive and imposing, his dark brown eyes remarkably direct and honest as they meet you fully and firmly, and inspire plenary confidence. The shape and type of the head a little resemble Garibaldi's, but the features are those of a much handsomer man. On the rare occasions when he smiles, and on the still rarer occasions when he laughs heartily, disclosing fine unbroken row of white, firm set teeth, the confidence and sympathy which he inspires are irresistible. A child thrown among a knot of strangers would be inevitably drawn to General Lee first in the company, and would run to claim his protection. The voice is fine and deep, but slightly monotonous in its tone. Altogether, the most winning attribute of the general is his unaffected and childlike guilelessness. It is very rare that a man of his age, conversant with important events, and thrown to the surface of mighty convulsions, retains the impress of a simple, ingenuous nature to so eminent a degree. It is impossible to converse with him for ten minutes without perceiving how deeply he has meditated upon all the possible eventualities of the campaign in Virginia, and how sound and well-considered are the positions which he advances. It is obvious that the most entire and trusting confidence is placed in General Lee by his subordinate officers, whose respect and affection he seems thoroughly to have won. The general is still crippled in his hands from the effects of a fall which he sustained so long ago as the 30th of August. At dawn of that day he rode across the historical stream of Bull Run, and observing a patch of herbage, he dismounted and allowed his horse to graze, recollecting that the animal had carried him the whole preceding day almost without food. The general himself sat down on a stump. There were only a few cavalry pickets of Confederates between General Lee and the enemy. Suddenly a charge of a large body of Yankee cavalry drove in the Confederate pickets, and came close up to the spot where General Lee was. The

would seem as though the ordinary demands of human appetite were in him subordinated and subjected in presence of the impious exactions required from his brain. In all the varied attributes which go to make up the commander-in-chief of a great army, it is certain that General Lee has no superior in the Confederacy, and it may fairly be doubted whether he has any equal.

"General Lee has three sons in his army—the one a general, under General J. E. B. Stuart; the second a colonel; the third, a lad of eighteen, who is a private attached to one of the batteries of General Jackson's corps. In reference to the last, General Lee told me a story which seemed to me, for the first and only time during many conversations, to have elicited from the narrator faint traces of emotion. Most certainly it was difficult to listen to the story without one's self experiencing such emotion. It appears that at the most critical moment of the battle of Sharpsburg, when General Lee was ordering up every gun to meet the heavy masses of Federal artillery pressing on the centre, he observed a single gun harnessed and ready for action, the sole survivor of a battery which had been engaged earlier in the day, and had been roughly handled by the Federals. General Lee immediately ordered the gun to the front. As it passed to the front, coming close to the spot where General Lee was standing, he recognised in the postilion mounted on the leading horses his young son. The boy turned and smiled brightly on his father, exclaiming, 'So I see that you are sending us in again.' It is a pleasure to add that, although slightly wounded, the boy lived to come safely out of the terrible engagement.

"At a distance of seven miles from General Lee's head-quarters, near the little village of Bunker-hill, were the head-quarters of the hero of heroes of this struggle, General 'Stonewall' Jackson. We had been taught to expect a morose, reserved, distant reception; we found the most genial, courteous, and forthcoming of companions. A bright, piercing blue eye, a slightly aquiline nose, a thin, tall, sinewy frame, 'made all over of pinwire,' a great disregard of dress and appearance—these are the characteristics of General Jackson's exterior. There is also about him a very direct and honest look. The disappointing circumstance is, that his voice, which is rapid in its utterance, is weak and unimpressive. Passionately attached to the Valley of Virginia, which has for so long been the principal scene of his achievements,



SHAD FISHING IN THE EVENING.

idolized by the inhabitants of Winchester and of the Valley, General Jackson has acquired such a fame in that entire neighbourhood that it is sad to think what would happen if the one life round which such prestige clings should yield to a stray bullet or to the chance of disease. Sinewy and wiry as the general seems, it is impossible not to fancy that he is wearing himself terribly by his restless, sleepless activity, by his midnight marches, and by the asceticism of his life. The respect and consciousness of his presence, and what that presence means, exhibited by his staff, impressed me very strongly, and seemed to exceed the respect exhibited towards General Lee. He spoke a few hearty words of admiration of General Lee, saying that he never should wish to serve under an able commander. But his heartiest and most enthusiastic utterances were in admiration of the cathedral edifices of England, and notably of York Minster. He dwelt with great animation upon the vibration of the air produced by the deep notes of the organ in York Minster, and which he had never heard equalled elsewhere. It is rare to find in a Presbyterian such appreciation and admiration of cathedral magnificence.

"There are such endless stories about General Jackson that to repeat them would fill a volume. Stories of his being wrapt in prayer in the midst of a fierce engagement—stories of the unaffected earnestness and piety of his life in his tent, and of his black servant saying that when his master, who invariably prays morning and evening, rises also in the middle of the night to pray, he knows that great and critical events are imminent. A most undemonstrative, reticent man, doubtless, in all that regards his vocation of a soldier. There is every reason to think that when the war is over, General Jackson will be the very first man to bury himself in the deepest obscurity of private life. Throughout this war it has been the practice of General Jackson to throw himself, disregarding his own inferiority of numbers, upon large bodies of his enemy, and the day is ordinarily half won by the suddenness and desperation of the attack. His usual policy then is to retire, upon which the correspondents of the Northern journals, who upon the day of General Jackson's onslaught have been half-frightened out

THE CAREER OF GENERAL BURNSIDE.

An American paper gives the following sketch of General Burnside's career:—

"Major-General Ambrose Everett Burnside is a native of Indiana, from which State he was appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy in 1843. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1847, standing number eighteen in a class of thirty-eight members, among whom we find the names of Generals Willcox, Viele, and others in the Union service, besides several who have chosen the path of the rebels. On the 1st of July, 1847, he was appointed a brevet second lieutenant of the Second Artillery, and on the 8th of September, 1847, was commissioned a full second lieutenant of the Third Artillery. In December of 1851 he was promoted to a first lieutenancy, and resigned his connexion with the regular service on the 2nd of October, 1853. He then retired to civil life, and was engaged as treasurer of the Illinois Central Railroad, the same line of travel of which General McClellan was president and engineer-in-chief. This position he held at the breaking out of the rebellion. The 'clarion call' of the President for troops to defend the capital soon brought Burnside from his private position, and at the head of the 1st Regiment of Rhode Island, or Governor Sprague's Volunteers, he made his way to the capital, where he arrived on the 27th of April, 1861, within twelve days of the issuing of the proclamation, and at the head of one thousand three hundred men. When the army of North-eastern Virginia was organized under General McDowell, Colonel Burnside was appointed commander of the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division under Colonel (now General) Hunter. The regiment (three months volunteers) returned home, and on the 6th of August, 1861, Colonel Burnside was commissioned as brigadier-general of volunteers, his appointment being placed to the credit of the State of Rhode Island. He next was appointed to the command of and organized the famous Burnside expedition. The dangerous passage of the troops and their success on the coast of North Carolina are still fresh in the memory of all our readers. For his glorious victory at Roanoke Island he was made a major-general of volunteers, and in testimony of his services on that occasion the State of Rhode Island

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A MAN named Charles Hayman has been received at the Sailor's Home, Great Yarmouth, from the smack Fear Not. He belongs to the schooner Osprey, of and for London, from Lagos, on the west coast of Africa, with a cargo of palm oil. During the late tremendous weather the schooner was brought up and anchored off the North Foreland; but she parted from her anchors, and was driven into the North Sea. Being utterly unable to manage her, the crew made signals of distress, one of which was observed by the smack Fear Not, which bore down to the assistance of the disabled vessel. The smack offered to take the crew of the Osprey, if they considered her unserviceable, and the latter deeming it impossible that the vessel would outride the hurricane, determined on abandoning her. They accordingly, with great difficulty (the waves running fearfully high), launched their boat, in which they placed their ship's papers and valuables. The mate and Hayman also scrambled into the boat, and the remainder of the crew were about to follow them when a very heavy sea struck the schooner, and broke the rope by which the boat was attached to her. The latter was then left to drift at the mercy of the waves, which repeatedly threatened to swamp the frail craft, and constantly broke over and into it. Hayman and the mate made incessant efforts to bale out the water, in order to keep the boat afloat, but their exertions were fruitless. Still Hayman, although almost certain that he should be lost, with his companion, determined at least to make an attempt to save himself. Divesting himself, therefore, of his heavy clothing, in order that he might the more easily breast the waves, he awaited in a state of nudity the upsetting of the boat. This soon occurred, both men being carried under her; however, they soon rose to the surface again, succeeded in reaching the boat, which was floating bottom upwards, and clutched to it with the tenacity of drowning men. Heavy seas broke over them so frequently that scarcely an instant was allowed for respiration; and the mate, being a weak man, succumbed to the cold and exposure, and was washed off and drowned. Hayman battled on, and the smack, which had not deserted the poor fellow, bore down to him in the teeth of the



GENERAL JACKSON.

GENERAL LEE.

of their lives, announce with their usual *fanfares* a great Federal victory, and joy and exultation are universal. In a few days, however, when the Federals have reached some spot where it suits General Jackson to attack them, he pounces upon them again, and frequently the very fame of his second approach drives his opponent to a precipitate retreat without fighting, if the ground admits of such a possibility. The upshot of nearly a year and a half of General Jackson's conduct of the war, frequently at the head of no more than a handful of men, is that no permanent foothold has been gained by the Federals in the Valley, and that, at will, General Jackson has run his opponents, sometimes including at once two or three Federal generals of rank, out of the Valley. As there are many conflicting reports about the origin of the name 'Stonewall,' it may be interesting to repeat the true circumstances under which it was given. In the first battle of Manassas, on July 21, 1861, General Lee, of South Carolina (himself subsequently killed in the same action), observing his men flinching and wavering, called out to them to stand firm, exclaiming, 'Look at Jackson's men; they stand like a stone wall!' In his official report of the battle, General Beauregard employed the same expression in connexion with General Jackson's command, and the name has clung to General Jackson ever since.

"It remains for me to say a few words respecting one other of the most valuable officers of the Confederacy—an eminently combative man—General Longstreet. His frame is stout and heavy, his countenance florid and cheery, and eminently English in appearance. In every position which he has occupied—first, as commanding a brigade; secondly, as commanding a division; thirdly, a *corps d'armee*—he has grown in the affections of his men and in the confidence of his commanding officers."

The above are the portraits of Generals Lee and Jackson.

HORSE WARRANTY. By PETER HOWDEN. London: Hardwick, Piccadilly.—This work should be in the library of every person who owns a horse.

presented him with a very handsome and valuable sword. The capture of Fort Macon and other points along the coast of North Carolina are also accredited to the skill of General Burnside in carrying out General McClellan's plans. Having to a great extent restored that part of the United States to peace, General Burnside was transferred to the army of the Potomac as commander of the ninth army corps. With General McClellan's troops he was further transferred to aid the forces in front of the capital, and was engaged during part of the various contests in that region. He next served in Maryland, and distinguished himself at Antietam. When General McClellan again advanced into Virginia, via Berlin, General Burnside had charge of half of his army. On the 5th of November he was appointed to succeed General McClellan in command of the army of the Potomac, and made a rapid and brilliant march upon Fredericksburg, where he is now operating with those troops."

A MUTINOUS CREW.—Falmouth is becoming prominent for the large number of refractory sailors; and with the vast amount of shipping, with crews belonging to all nations daily arriving, such cases may be almost expected to arise. Six sailors, who are spoken of as "Irish Yankees," were apprehended, and located in the police-station at Falmouth, on Saturday, on a charge of attempting to create a mutiny on board the brig *Annie*, of Sunderland, Brown, master, whilst on a voyage from New York to Falmouth for orders, with a cargo of wheat. The ringleader of the crew, who is called Malone, appears, from the statement detailed to our correspondent, to be a very daring character. He has refused to work, and has incited the crew to follow his example. He threatened to murder the cook, and expressed his intention of taking command of the vessel himself, and bringing her to Cork, and intimated that the captain should never live to see Falmouth. In order to pacify the crew, and for his own protection, Captain Brown satisfied their whims almost in every respect; but, on arriving at Falmouth on Saturday, he immediately gave them into custody.—*Western Morning News*.

gale, and succeeded in throwing out to him a rope, which he was fortunately able to seize. He was then hauled on board the smack, supplied with clothing and stimulants, and eventually landed at Yarmouth. The schooner, with some difficulty, succeeded after all in making Dover.

FEARFUL EXPLOSION AT TOBERCURRY.—AN ENTIRE FAMILY KILLED.—We have just received intelligence of a dreadful catastrophe which took place yesterday (Friday), about four o'clock, in Tobercurry. At this hour an explosion of gunpowder took place in the shop of Mr. W. Henery, general merchant and dealer in gunpowder. It is supposed that the accident is attributable to the carelessness of a shop-boy in bringing a candle near two powder-casks. The poor boy has been so much burned that his death was expected early this (Saturday) morning. The greatest destruction has been caused to the adjacent houses. Mrs. Henery was blown out through a window, and is not expected to recover; her daughter, about nine years old, was frightfully mangled. Mr. Henery was found lying insensible in a room near the shop, and was rescued by a police constable, who was also much burned. Other members of the family have also been injured. Houses on the opposite side of the street sustained damage, and in one of them the clothes of a girl was set on fire by the explosion, and the windows in a great number of houses were broken. As might be expected, the town is in a great state of excitement. The injured were promptly attended by James Vernon, Esq., M.D., who did all that medical skill could effect to relieve their sufferings. We hope that this melancholy affair will act as a warning to the authorities in Sligo, and force upon them the necessity of at once having a powder magazine established in this town. It will be too late when perhaps one-half of Sligo is blown up, to have a magazine then provided.—*Sligo Chronicle*.

GENERAL BARNARD. who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, was to have been married on the 18th to a daughter of Colonel Powman, of West Point. The match had already been postponed twice on account of the exigencies of the service.

Literature.

A TALE OF THE NORTH ROAD.

More than a hundred years ago, on a Christmas-eve, a horseman stopped at a small inn that stood on the North Road, some miles out of London; and ere the landlord was aware of the presence of a guest, had dismounted and entered the bar.

"A cold and bad night coming on, sir," said Boniface, with one of his low-sounding bows; "for, partly by the fading light, and partly by the cheerful blaze of the large fire, he had already discovered that the cloak in which the stranger was wrapt was of the finest scarlet cloth, and that the narrow gold lace that edged the three-cornered hat was no counterfeit, but the genuine manufacture of Little Britain. Satisfied, therefore, that the stranger must have "money in his purse," he proceeded to suggest the propriety of preparing a warm posset for the master, and a feed of corn for the horse.

"No, no, master landlord," said the stranger, "a draught of your best ale will do; I've some miles to ride to-night."

"Surely your honour can never think of crossing the hill," cried Boniface; "tis perilous indeed, and night coming on."

"Alack, sir!" interposed the hostess, "tis indeed a sad night—it will rain, your honour, and perhaps snow. Farmer Gubbins' lad, this time last year, went out to seek some sheep, or just such a night, and he was found next morning, your honour, stiff, quite stiff."

"But, good dame!" replied the stranger laughing; "he had but two legs to help him, and I have four."

"Ay, sir, but the road is desperately bad;" persisted the landlady, determined to make a bold stroke for a guest.

"And truly, your honour," respond'd the landlord, taking up the cue, "a gentleman's coach and six broke down, near the top of the hill, though the three boys were scotching the wheel's; there is a gre't pit-fall, too, out yonder."

"But, good man, you forget the moon that is to rise in half an hour;" said the stranger, and he drew from his pocket a huge gold repeater, of almost the size and shape of a turnip.

"Your honour had better be cautious," whispered the landlady, pointing to the adjoining kitchen, where several rustics were sitting.

The stranger laughed at her praiseworthy caution. "Nay, good woman, I have no fear of highwaymen."

"Heaven grant your honour may meet none—but your honour had better stay."

"I cannot, my good woman,—I leave England to-morrow; so be quick."

"Then your honour will go on?" said the landlord, bringing the pewter tankard, and the long stemmed glass. "But I trust," he continued, lowering his voice, and looking circular—"you carry but little about you?"

"Naught but what I can well afford to lose," replied the traveller, with a careless laugh, and a slap on his waistcoat pocket.

A deep, but unexpressed sigh seemed to form an echo to these words; and the traveller looked toward the kitchen from whence it appeared to proceed; the rustics, however, who were discussing their ale, were in too merry a mood to allow a sigh to escape them; but in the farther corner, he perceived a well-dressed young man sitting thoughtfully, with his arms folded on his breast.

"Please your honour, give me summet to drink your honour's health;" said one of the rustics, coming forward, and making his very lowest bow.

"Well my lad," replied the good-humoured stranger, "I don't care if I give you Queen Anne's half-crown, to drink confusion to all Pretenders and Jacobite plots; for they do sore damage to our London trade—so here it is, and much good may it do you."

Not stopping to receive the vociferous thanks of the delighted rustics, the traveller threw down his reckoning, wrapt his scarlet roquelaire closely round him, and proceeded to remount his g'd stede. "Farewell, master landlord," said he; "I have never yet met a highwayman, and 'twill be strange if I do to-night."

Onward rode our cavalier, scarcely heeding the coming darkness—perchance, because he was bent on some expedition of high emprise—perchance for he leaves it in excellent hands. Ah! 'tis nine or ten years since you left England, else you would have heard of Henry Ellersby. A lucky young fellow is he, for the day after to-morrow he is to marry his master's daughter."

"Lucky indeed!" responded Mr. Clementson, "for Hayward hath doubtless made many a thousand and there are only, I remember, his two daughters, Chloe and Betty, to share his fortune. Then this Ellersby was his apprentice?"

"He was," replied the mercer, "and such an apprentice! This said he is come of a good family too, though he never took upon him about it. It is Mistress Chloe that he is to marry—I sold her twelve yards of white ducap last week for the wedding dress."

Two or three other neighbouring tradesmen now came in, each like the mercer, brim-full of the praises of the fortunate apprentice. Indeed, eulogies upon Henry Ellersby, and anticipations of his happiness, seemed to supersede every other topic. The never-failing subject of Jacobite plots, abuse or condemnation of the Walpole administration, the menacing aspect of affairs in the Spanish Main,—even City politics, and City news, were forced to give place to details of the handsome furniture purchased for the young couple, to a bill of fare of the wedding dinner, and a sharp dispute between the mercer and his neighbour, a draper, whether Mistress Chloe would wear with her bridal attire of white ducap her Valenciennes bangles and ruffles, or her suit of Brussels lace.

"Well, I'll even go and take a peep at this lucky young fellow," said Mr. Clementson, regaining his three-cornered hat and gold beaded cane; "there must be somewhat very taking, methinks, about this Master Ellersby, since everybody speaks so highly of him."

"I have a ring, sir," replied the other, endeavoring by a violent effort to suppress his agitation and, extending a ring with the left hand, while the other grasped a pistol; "and for this ring I must have twenty guineas."

"This is a bad time," said Mr. Clementson, sternly; "at the same time eyeing the highwayman with a feeling of interest he could not resist; "here's my purse: off with you, and seek a more honest livelihood."

The young man put back the preferred purse: "No, take the ring, I pray you, and give me twenty guineas; lend, lend it me, I pray—only twenty guineas."

"A strange highwayman!" muttered Mr. Clementson, again surveying the supposed robber with a degree of interest for which he could not account. "Well, then," said he, counting out the twenty guineas, "mayhap trouble may have brought you to this; but be warned by me, and seek out an honest calling; so give me the ring, and away."

The stranger eagerly snatched the gold, faintly articulating, "Heaven bless you!" and Mr. Clementson, not sorry to escape so easily from his first encounter with a highwayman, spurred Strawberry onward, first casting a look behind. There sat the young man, motionless on his horse, the hand which had been so eagerly stretched forth to secure the golden treasure still half held out, and his eyes with a wild and sorrowful expression, fixed vacantly on the lowering sky. "Poor fellow!" ejaculated the kind-hearted merchant, "I should greatly like to know what hath brought him to this." He now examined the ring for which he had paid so high price: it was of plain gold, with a good sized mocha stone, evidently not worth much above a pound; and with no inscription, or crest, or initials, or anything that might lead to a discovery of its late owner. Although baffled and disappointed in this, he determined to keep the ring as a memorial of his first encounter with a highwayman; and, no other event befalling him on his journey, the next day saw Mr. Clementson set sail from the shores of England.

We must now request the kind reader to exert that plastic faculty which enables him to "put a girdle round the earth in full ten minutes," and to review the changeful events of a long and busy life in an hour: for we must overleap ten years, and take our standing on Ludgate-hill, on a fine October morning, where we shall again meet our worthy friend Mr. Clementson. Just returned from his long sojourn abroad, he is taking a quiet stroll through London streets, marking the various changes that have taken place during his ten years' absence. And many, as may be well supposed, were the changes he noted—many an old name removed from beneath the well remembered sign, and many a young tradesman, smartly dressed with laced cravat and ruffles, occupying that post of honour, in the shop or in the counting house, where "the old gentleman," in his flowered morning gown and velvet cap, everwhile shod, placidly summing up his gains, and keeping a sharp look-out over his sons and apprentices. The ten o'clock bell, at length, warned Mr. Clementson of the time for his accustomed lunch, and he turned into the London Coffee-house. One minute, however, he stopped at the door, regardless of the brawling waiters, for the splendid show of plate that grazed the windows of the opposite silversmith's shop absolutely dazzled him. He looked up to the sign:—a Maiden freshly gilt, ages whose bright mirror, which, according to old established belief, she held in her left hand, answered the name of "Ellersby." "Ah! 'tis he!" ejaculated the merchant, smiling; "poor Master Hayward goes to his long home! But who is this Ellersby?"

"What, my old friend Clementson!" cried a voice at his ear. He turned quickly round, and recognised one of "the old familiar faces" with which he had been long intimate before his sojourn abroad,—Mr. Cooper, the old mercer of the Blackamoor's Head, in Cheapside. Friendly greetings passed between the pair, and they proceeded to the little private parlour to discuss their pint of Madeira.

"And so poor Hayward is gone!" said the merchant, "and yet he could not have been so very old."

"Master Hayward is alive and well: he has retired from business to his house at Shacklewell, for he leaves it in excellent hands. Ah! 'tis nine or ten years since you left England, else you would have heard of Henry Ellersby. A lucky young fellow is he, for the day after to-morrow he is to marry his master's daughter."

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Mr. Clementson crossed the way, and placed himself before one of the windows, poring admiringly, as it seemed, on the tempting display of salvers, tankards, and chocolate pots, but keeping a close watch on the shop-door. His curiosity was not fated to remain long unsatisfied, for an interesting young man, extremely well-dressed, came to the door, and having beckoned a carriage that stood a short distance off, handed two ladies into it, and then, with a gentlemanly bow, retired. "Is that Mr. Ellersby?" cried the merchant, scarcely conscious to whom he addressed the question.

"Ay, that it is; heaven's blessings on him!" said an old woman who stood just beside, with a basket of ground ivy; "Yes, 'tis good Mr. Ellersby, the charitable, worthiest, most religiousest gentleman in London."

"The rascal!" muttered Mr. Clementson, with a tremendous thump of his gold-headed stick, "the very rascal who cheated me out of my twenty guineas, and gave me that paltry ring! Here's a world for you! The poor rogue gets hanged, and the rich one laughs at him. Well, my fair sir, you shall have good cause to remember, ere long, the Dunstable road!" Thus saying, he passed onward, scarcely knowing which way he went, turning over in his mind twenty different plans by which he proposed to drag successful villain to light, and uttering splendid tirades against wealthy knaves, which might have thrown a political union into peroxysms of delight. The more violent the grief, it is said, the sooner it will come to an end; and the same may be said of anger. In a short time, wonder, and curiosity, and doubt succeeded. This young man must even at that very time have been an apprentice to Master Hayward; who, therefore, more unlikely than that he should have been permitted to absent himself from his master's house for so long? And what, too, more unlikely than that a sober young man of good family should either have stood in need of comparatively so small a sum, or taken that course to obtain it? Many stories, well authenticated ones, had been told of personal resemblance being so strong, that even intimate friends had been, for a moment, deceived. Might not this be the case here? Still, while allowing, and even willing to allow, the full weight of these doubts, the conviction that Henry Ellersby, the silversmith of Ludgate Hill, was the highwayman in the encounter on the Dunstable road, returned with overwhelming force to Mr. Clementson's mind. But this conviction was now associated with many mitigating circumstances. Although proffered the full purse, the young man resolutely refused to take more than the twenty guineas, while even that he would not receive without the exchange of his ring; and then arose vividly to his recollection the motionless attitude, the half-extended arm of the young man, when he last saw him on the darkening road, and that look of wild and fixed despair which he cast on the lowering sky.

Hours passed away ere Mr. Clementson could satisfy himself as to what course he should adopt, and the bells had now chimed four. The hitherto crowded streets were beginning to be deserted, both by belles in brocade, and thrifty housewives in calimanco, all homeward bound to refresh themselves with their early cup of bohea, when Mr. Clementson again found himself before the door of the Mermaid. He looked into the shop, now empty, and took a close view of its master, who was standing apparently looking over the ledger. "It must be he," said the merchant, and entering, he asked for Mr. Ellersby.

The gentle, interesting young man came forward, and respectfully inquired the wishes of his new customer.

"I have been many years abroad, Mr. Ellersby," said the merchant, "and I have some foreign money which I would wish to sell for old gold and silver." The young man bowed assent, and requested his customer to walk farther in. Mr. Clementson drew a Dutch ducat from his purse, and threw it on the counter. "I must have twenty guineas for this," said he.

"Twenty guineas!" cried the silversmith, in uncontrollable surprise.

"Yes; twenty guineas," said Mr. Clementson, firmly.

"Good sir, what can you mean? It is scarcely worth ten shillings!"

"Very likely, Mr. Ellersby, very likely; but what say you to this?" and he removed the glove from his hand. "Ten years since I paid twenty guineas for this very ring."

The young man clasped his hands in agony. "You did, sir, you did; and principal and interest both are at your service. But O sir, spare me—no, not me, but the worthy family that know not of this, my only crime!"

"This seems a strange affair!" said Mr. Clementson, much moved at the extreme agitation of the young man; "yet do not distress yourself, but tell me how it came to pass that on that evening you came to lay aside an honest and respectable calling to enact the highwayman on the Dunstable road."

"I will tell you, sir, for you have a right to know all," returned the young man, glancing a hurried look around him; "but—but—Mr. Hayward is now in the counting house: might I ask so great a favour as that you would call on me any time in the evening? The money I have at hand, and I will instantly count it out to you."

"I will call on you, sir, for you have a right to know all," replied Mr. Clementson. "In the meantime be not cast down; your secret will be safe with me; and loath indeed should I be to disturb Master Hayward's good opinion of you; so farewell!"

The kind-hearted merchant returned to the opposite coffee house, and sought to beguile the time by turning over a file of old newspapers, when the following advertisement struck his eye. "If the gentleman dressed in a scarlet robe, and mounted on a strawberry horse, who, on the night of the 24th of October, 1720, met a young man near Dunstable, and received from him a gold ring with a mocha stone, will call upon Dr. Calamy, in Charterhouse-square, his loan with the interest thereon, will be repaid with many thanks." Surprised and delighted at this addi-

tional proof that the good opinion which he could not help forming of the young silversmith was well founded, Mr. Clementson turned over the other papers, and found the same advertisement it stated, and reiterated. "Poor fellow!" ejaculated he; "it must have been some strange chance indeed that forced him to this. Well, I know not how it is, but I feel greatly interested in him."

Punctual to his appointment, Mr. Clementson soon after knocked at the now closely barred door of the Mermaid, and was ushered into the counting-house; Mr. Ellersby soon after appeared and casting a suspicious look around, as though he really believed the old proverb, "walls have ears," counted out the money, which he placed before his guest; while in a low and agitated tone, he said, "It appears, sir, that you have heard of my good fortune. Alas! had any of my kind neighbours known half the sorrow I have suffered on account of this my great crime, they would soon have retracted their opinion of my happiness."

"Do not distress yourself any longer on this account," said our merchant, kindly; "I have seen your advertisements, and referre to a worthy minister who, I am sure, would never give his countenance to any one undeserving of it; so proceed, I pray you: tell me what led to it, and then let it be dismissed for ever from your mind."

"I will, sir. Through the great kindness of a friend,—indeed, the only friend of my dear mother,—when my apprenticeship was half complete, I was transferred from a very incipient master, to the care of good Mr. Hayward. I lived with him not more than a year, when I received intelligence of the dangerous illness of my mother, and I requested permission to go and see her. Although he was on the eve of a journey, he kindly consented, and as he was going by the 'Dispatch,' he granted me the use of his horse. Would that kind-hearted lad had never been granted, for then I could never have followed you! I soon arrived at Dunstable, but it was only to see my mother reduced so low as to be unable to leave her poor cottage, from whence the landlord daily threatened to evict her, on account of arrears of rent. Almost beside myself, with barely more money than could serve to carry me back again, I went to the landlord, proud on a wealthy man; but the only answer I received was, that she must remove on the morrow. Scarcely knowing what I did, I entered the inn kitchen, where I first saw you, and sat down to think—but, no, I could not think—to lament over—O! to curse this hard fate. Twelve pounds were owing for rent alone; and where was I to raise them? My mother's friend was dead. Mr. Hayward was on a long journey. To whom could I look, and look for aid by the morrow? And then, when I revolved in my mind the scanty wardrobe, the wretched income of my poor mother, compared with her former condition, your merry laugh rung on my ear, and your well-filled purse glittered in my frenzied imagination like the delusive well-spring that mocks the thirst of the Eastern traveller; and then, more maddening than all, when I heard your boast, proud and heartless as it seemed to be, that all that glittering treasure you could well afford to lose, the temptation overcame me—I rushed to the stable, saddled my swift-footed grey, and galloped after you."

"And truly you were greatly tempted," said the kind-hearted merchant; "but proceed."

"Truly, I was, sir; and yet let no man say that he is forced to do evil. Better thoughts arose in my mind, even while I was pursuing you; and once I had almost turned my horse's head, and gone back; but distrust prevailed. Twenty guineas," said I, "will pay all, and leave my mother sufficient to carry her to London; yet how is it to be raised? I will not be the highwayman though I act his part, for I will give my ring as an acknowledgement that the money shall some day be paid." Miserable subterfuge! I could not disengage from my conscience even then that I was indeed a robber. But O! how little did I feel that truth when the forbidden gold actually touched my hand, and this remembrance has haunted me through many an anxious day and many a restless night. At length, after nearly three years of anxiety, I opened my mind to Dr. Calamy, on whose ministry we attended, and told him my fatal secret; but still, although frequently mentioned to this I have caused advertisement to be inserted in the papers, I never received any intelligence. O! sir, I thank heaven that I have at last seen you, for you know not the load of trouble that is now removed from my mind."

"Think no more of it from henceforth, Mr. Ellersby," cried Mr. Clementson; "I only regret that you did not make me acquainted with your circumstances, for the purse and all its contents should have been at your service. So your mother was of a good family, you say? What, did she marry contrary to their wishes? I feel I have great reason to lament that such things are sometimes scarcely forgiven."

"It was so, sir; my mother so greatly off, and my grandfather by her marriage, that even after my father's death, and when she was reduced to very great distress, he absolutely forbade her even to cross the threshold of Mickleham Hall."

"Of Mickleham Hall! Her name, then, was—"

"Mary Clementson," returned the young man, with a sigh.

"Oh, my nephew!—my only nephew!" cried the merchant, overjoyed; "only three days since I returned to Old England, wretchedly ill, but sad at heart, for me on it I had no relation in the wide world wherewith to cheer me. The dear sister, Mary Clementson. This is the happiest day of my life, sir, the happiest day of my life; for old James Clementson, poor soul for his age, and an idiot to his forty, is a staff for his age, and an idiot to his forty, for his dear sister's son, Henry Ellersby."

[The foregoing tale is no fiction; the dimensions of the ring, and the ducat, for whom twenty guineas were paid, are accurately given, and the leading men in London and their names are mentioned to the writer.]

GRATIS.—An ILLUSTRATED BOOK, showing the most fashionable and gentlemanlike styles of clothing, with prices, and also for self-advertisement, will be sent post paid on application. See the following three advertisements.

OVERCOATS, 2ls. to 55s., in the most Fashionable Materials and Gentlemanlike Style, and manufactured on their unsurpassed Sydenham System, by **SAMUEL BROTHERS,** 29, Ludgate-hill.

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NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—The Greatest and most Useful Invention of the day, AQUA AMARELLA—Messrs. JOHN GOSNELL and CO., Three King-court, Lombard-street, Perfumers to Her Majesty, respectfully offer to the public this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The Aqua Amarella has none of the properties of dyes; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system, and when the hair is once restored, one application will keep it in perfect colour. One bottle, price one guinea, will suffice.

SMALL PRESENTS.—**FELIX SULTANA'S** choice extracts of every Perfume-breathing Flower. Three bottles in elegant case, 3s. 3d. and 7s. Selections from the following new perfumes: The Princess Magnolia, Aunt Sally, the Perfect Cure, the Sensation, Orange Blossom, New Mown Hay, Sweet Briar, Wood Violet, Frangipani Rondeletia, Mignonette, Jockey Club, &c. &c. Free to any part of the kingdom for six extra stamps. **FELIX SULTANA,** royal perfumer, 23 and 24, Foubert, Cire, London.

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HYDROHYPERION FLUID FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.—has done wonders for thousands of ladies, gentlemen, and children. It removes the evil of oiliness, perspiration, or washes, for improving the growth of the hair and giving it a healthy appearance. One bottle will prove its most astonishing properties. Every person should see or use this fluid, as it is a new Indian preparation in this country, and should be used at schools for children's hair, and at the sea-side, as it will mix with water, and keep the hair clean. Sold in bottles 2s. 3d., 4s., 7s., and 10s., by all chemists and druggists, and sent to all parts of the kingdom, by the sole manufacturer, C. DUNSBY, Hair Dresser, Wig Maker, and Hair Dyer. Address by post, 17, Shaftesbury Terrace, Finsbury, S.W., near the Victoria Railway Station.

LOFTS' BRITISH DRAMA and Theatrical Portrait Gallery.

Each Number will contain either a popular Comedy, Tragedy, or Farce, &c., and a full-length Portrait of some Celebrated Actor, engraved in the best style. Price Two-pence Weekly.

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